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The Makers of British Art

EDITED BY JAMES A. MANSON

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

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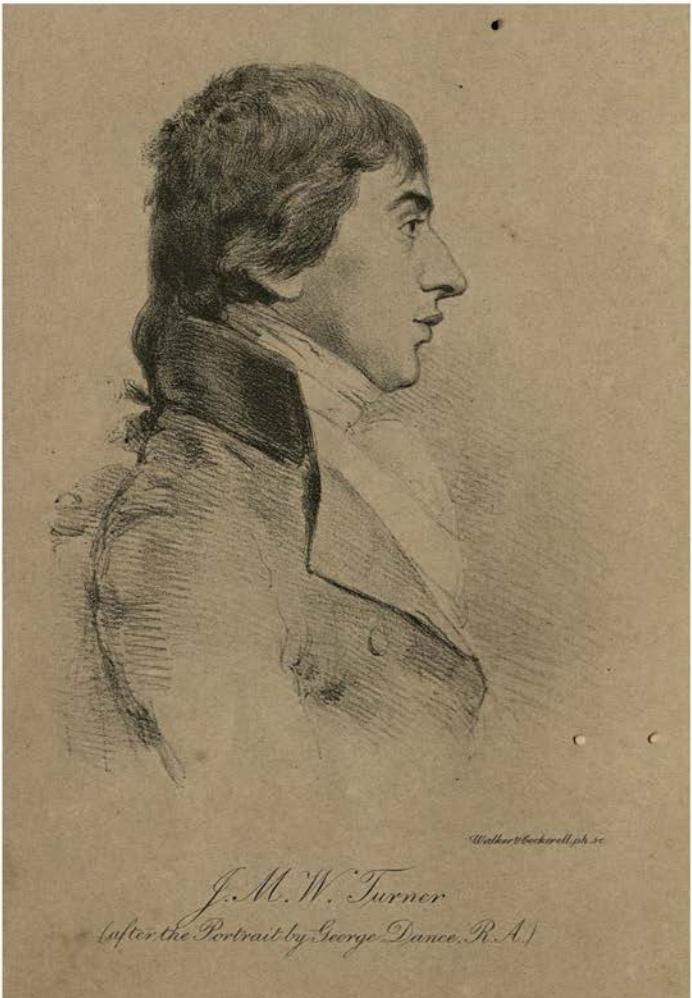

J. M. W. Turner
(after the Portrait by George Dance, R.A.)

J. M. W. Turner

R.A.

BY

ROBERT CHIGNELL

Author of "The Life and Paintings of Vicat Cole, R.A."

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TO THE MEMORY OF

VICAT COLE, R.A.,

TO WHOM THE AUTHOR OWES WHATEVER

INSIGHT HE MAY HAVE GAINED INTO

THE MIND AND ART OF THE

LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

Preface.

If for one reason only, it is justifiable to present a fresh view of Turner's life.

His biographers, whilst rendering due homage to the artist, have done scant justice to the man; exaggerating his faults, making much of his rough outside manners, but too little of his fine inner qualities and of the force of his intellect.

Mr. Thornbury's book is a medley of facts, conjectures, and stories, authentic or otherwise, presented in a form perplexing to the reader.

Mr. Hamerton's is full of generous appreciation, but was avowedly written with the object of proving from Turner's paintings his own pet heresy that Art has nothing to do with the representation of nature.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's is charming both in matter and style, but, unfortunately, shares with Mr. Thornbury's and Mr. Hamerton's one grave defect. One and all, they repeat statements reflecting on the character of Turner which have their origin in mere

gossip, and which, even if true, would better have been left untold.

That Turner had his failings cannot be denied, but it should be urged on his behalf that he lived in an age when such faults were lightly regarded and lightly excused.

Modern biographers seem to assume that it is for them to anticipate a judgment day and to disclose every petty fault, every serious failing of personal character. The poet, painter, musician, who spends his life in enriching the world with the fruits of his genius, is shown unclothed in the full light of day, so that none may fail to mark and condemn whatever blot can be discovered on him.

Turner's biographers have made it a point of conscience to tell the worst of him; to bring out clearly every spot on the face of the sun.

It may be right to paint the wart on the nose of a Cromwell, to dissect the moral nature of ruler or statesman who has had to lay down the law for nations; but the artist—be he poet, painter, or musician—whose works give light and refinement to life, may claim from us a sacred reserve. It should be enough if we reveal those traits of his character which touch his work, and record those incidents in his intercourse with others which show the true

Preface

nature of the man, and, as far as may be, recall him to life.

Many facts and incidents set out in these pages have been gathered from the works of previous biographers — Messrs. Thornbury, Hamerton, and Cosmo Monkhouse.

Frequent references to Mr. Ruskin, and quotations from his works, have been almost necessary. No life of Turner could be written without continual allusion to the opinions and language of the great English author, who made the painter and his art a life-long study, and who, beyond all others, understood and appreciated both.

R. C.

East Grinstead,
August 1st, 1902.

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J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

DAWN.

[1775-85: ÆTAT. I.-X.]

Birth—Birthplace—Parentage—Genius, whence inherited—His father described—Portrait of his mother—Mother and son—Early life—The boy at Brentford—The Thames.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born at No. 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, on April 23rd (St. George's Day), 1775, and died at Chelsea on December 19th, 1851.

Devotion to Art

The whole of his long life, from the day when the boy could first handle a pencil to the day when the brush dropped from the hand of the great master, was devoted to art. No other taste or pursuit had any attraction for him. Art absorbed all his faculties, engrossed all his interest. To art he gave himself up, a willing servant, and in its service displayed such industry as has never been equalled. The result of his devotion is a series of

pictures, studies, and sketches, so numerous, so varied, and so powerfully wrought, that the marvel is how one man could possibly have achieved the work.

Every great painter writes his life on his canvases. This is peculiarly true of landscape-painters, and of none perhaps so true as of Turner, the greatest of them all. The story of his life, month by month and year by year, is to be traced in his pictures. Of his private life, the records which may be accepted with certainty are few.

Birthplace

The great painter of the radiant sky and all the splendour of light first opened his eyes in a dingy house in a dark, narrow street, shut out from every glimpse of the beauties of nature of which he was destined to be the foremost interpreter. In this house, and amidst its gloomy surroundings, his childhood and boyhood were passed. It was perhaps owing to his early days being spent in an atmosphere so sombre, that light and colour were so precious to him ever afterwards.

Parentage

His father, William Turner, came up to London—at what age is not known—from South Molton, in Devonshire, where his parents lived. The first definite record of him is that in 1773 he was a householder in Covent Garden Parish, plying his craft of barber at No. 26 Maiden Lane. On the 29th of August of that year he was married at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as the register shows, to one Mary Marshall, and the great artist was their first and only child.

His Parents

Mary Marshall was a sister of Mrs. Harpur, wife ot the Curate of Islington, whose grandson, Henry Harpur, was one of Turner's executors. It is stated, with some appearance of truth, that she came of the Marshall family, whose seat was Shelford Manor House, near Nottingham. However probable the story may be, there is no evidence that Mrs. Turner in her life was endowed with the qualities which mark the cultivated woman.

Genius—whence Inherited

But it must have been from his mother that the artist inherited his strain of genius. Many knew and could tell of his father's abilities and capabilities, but by none was he estimated higher than an amiable, talkative man—a kindly barber, who, fortunately for his boy, had learned from artist-customers to take an interest in pictures. His mother, on the other hand, was of a quick, highly-strung temperament. The delicacy and excitability of brain which accompany artistic genius seem, in some mysterious way, to be nearly allied to that irritability which, in its extreme development, causes the brain to lose its balance. Excitability in poor Mrs. Turner took the shape of violence of temper, and finally of insanity.

The following descriptions of father and mother have been given by one of the artist's few private friends, the Rev. H. S. Trimmer:—

"He was about the height of his son, spare and muscular, with a head below the average standard, small blue eyes, parrot nose, projecting chin, and a fresh complexion indicative of health, which he appa-

rently enjoyed to the full. He was a chatty old fellow and talked fast, and his words acquired a peculiar Transatlantic twang from his nasal enunciation. His cheerfulness was greater than that of his son, and a smile was always on his countenance."

His Father Described

The mother is thus described from an early portrait painted by her son:—

"There was a strong likeness to Turner about the nose and eyes; her eyes being represented as blue of a lighter hue than her son's, her nose aquiline, and the lower lip having a slight fall. Her hair was well frizzled, and it was surmounted by a cap with large flappers. Her posture was erect and her aspect masculine, not to say fierce. Like her son's, her stature was below the average."

Portrait of his Mother

From such slight materials the imagination is left to form its own idea of the personalities of father and mother, of the influence of each on the child, and of the amount of love and happiness which he would receive from them in his infancy and early childhood. There are no certain records whatever of these days; nothing but suppositions, in which the biographers indulge freely.

Between the child and his amiable father there was evidently a real love, which lasted unbroken until the father's death in 1829. Moreover, it is possible that the tender sympathy which they showed towards each other throughout life, had its origin in their suffering in common from the poor mother's outbursts of temper.

Mother and Son

Did Turner, then, never know a mother's love? Although there is no direct evidence to guide us, there is enough indirect to enable us to reply with confidence that mother and son understood and loved one another during the years they spent together, before she was taken from her home incurably insane. It is well known to those versed in the mysteries of human nature, that a woman who in times of brain-irritation gives way to outbursts of fury, is almost invariably passionately devoted to her children. She may be "fierce" even, when her temper is roused, but her love for her child is often far deeper than that of the placid, uniformly kind mother.

Mother and Son

The fact that the boy painted her portrait, and that she had the patience to sit to him, throws a side-light on the obscurity in which these early days are veiled.

Again, the boy was like his mother in face, and from her, not from his shallower father, he must have drawn that intense depth of feeling which he showed continually in after-life. If the son was tender-hearted (as he undoubtedly was), the mother must have been a loving woman, and we may safely judge of the mother's nature, when she was in her right mind, by her son's.

The poor woman became permanently insane, was admitted to Bethlehem Hospital in December 1800, and was discharged as incurable a year later. What became of her afterwards is unknown, but it *is* known that Turner could never bear the slightest allusion to her to the end of his days.

J. M. W. Turner

Early Life

The few particulars of the boy's early life which can be verified may be stated very briefly. Maiden Lane, in Turner's childhood, was close to the quarters inhabited by literary men, actors, architects, and painters, many of whom are known to have gone to the little barber's shop to be shaved and have their wigs dressed. In the passage and round the shop itself were hung prints and engravings, showing the barber's interest in the subjects on which his customers would talk to him. Stothard was one of the frequenters of the shop, and to him, when the child was little more than eight years old, the father is said to have remarked, "My son is going to be a painter." Thus early had the child's special faculty been recognised.

The Boy at Brentford

Next we hear of the boy's copying water-colour drawings by Paul Sandby and others, and hanging them round the entrance to the shop, ticketed at the price of three shillings. At the age of nine he paid a visit to Margate, and brought home a crude drawing of "Margate Church." For change of air after an illness the boy was sent in 1785 to Brentford, where he stayed at the house of his mother's brother, Mr. Marshall, a butcher in that place, and attended a day-school for a few months. Here his schoolfellows, as one of them tells, would do his "sums" for him whilst he made drawings of birds, flowers, and trees, seen from the school-room windows. Book-learning was an empty thing to this strange child. Scholar or mathematician he could

never be. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever acquired the amount of "schooling" which enables any country child to pass the fifth standard in a Board school of the present day. But his keen eyes missed no detail of outward objects, and his hand was untiring in its attempts to imitate what he saw.

Fortune showed no small kindness to the city-bred artist-boy when she sent him thus early in life to the regions on the banks of the Thames where the river passes through sunlit meadows, and where many a noble tree casts its shadow on the smooth water, or is reflected on its surface. In the year 1785 the broad reaches of the Thames above and below Brentford were but little disfigured by building. Nature was still unspoiled, and offered revelations fresh and pure to the seeing eye of the landscape-painter. Boy though he was, Turner already possessed in a high degree the gift of an observant eye and a mind sensitive to such revelations. The effect produced on eye and mind by this visit was demonstrably deep and lasting. During the next few years the Thames valley was his happy hunting-ground, whenever he was in search of subjects for sketches and drawings. Moreover, the spell which the river cast over him can be traced in many of his drawings of later date, representing other streams in other lands. His love for the Thames was a boy's first love; but who, in manhood, ever forgets his first love?

CHAPTER II.

EARLY MORNING.

[1785-95: ÆTAT. X.-XX.]

Margate—Friendship with Girtin—Dr. Munro—Early training in art—Sir Joshua Reynolds—Sketching tours—First portrait—First pictures at the R.A.—Summary of early art-life—Turner's love-story.

It is difficult to place the events of the next few years in their proper order, or to assign to them correct dates. After the boy's return from Brentford, apparently in the year 1786, he attended for a few months the Soho Academy, kept by a Mr. Palice, a floral drawing-master, there to learn what such a master could teach him. Meanwhile he was steadily working in his own way, copying water-colours, colouring prints, and making original sketches, and he continued this work for the next three years. Amongst those who employed him in colouring prints was John Raphael Smith, an engraver, print-seller, and miniature painter, for whom worked also another lad of genius, "Tom" Girtin. In him Turner found a friend and companion, as will be seen.

In 1788, at the age of thirteen, he was sent, partly for his health's sake, to a school at Margate, where he may

have remained about six months—the longest and almost the only spell of regular education that fell to the boy's lot. Those who know what the middle-class schools of England were, even up to the last half of the nineteenth century, can guess what, and how much he was taught in these few months. In fact, Turner never acquired even the elements of a liberal education. He felt the want of it all through life; and yet, owing to natural force of character, with the help of books, read later, he held his own, not unworthily, among his fellows, whose lot had been more fortunate.

To School at Margate

But if he gained little book-learning at Margate, the boy-artist saw visions and dreamed dreams of sea and sky. Mr. Ruskin, in *Fors Clavigera*, quotes from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of 1797 the following account of the place:—"Margate, a sea-port town of Kent, on the north side of the Isle of Thanet, near the North Foreland. It is noted for shipping vast quantities of corn (most, if not all, the product of that island) for London, and has a salt-water bath at the Post-house, which has performed great cures in nervous and paralytic cases."

Mr. Ruskin adds his own remarks: "Beyond all question the cures of nervous and paralytic cases, attributed to the 'salt-water baths at the Post-house,' were much more probably to be laid to account of the freshest and changefullest sea-air to be breathed in England, bending the rich corn over that white, dry ground, and giving to sight, above the northern and

eastern sweep of sea, the loveliest skies that can be seen, not in England only, but perhaps in all the world; able, at least, to challenge the fairest in Europe, to the far south of Italy.

Turner and Margate

"So it was said, I doubt not rightly, by the man who of all others knew best; the once in five hundred years given painter, whose chief work, as separate from others, was the painting of skies. He knew the colours of the clouds over the sea, from the Bay of Naples to the Hebrides; and being once asked where, in Europe, were to be seen the loveliest skies, answered instantly, 'In the Isle of Thanet.'"

Once again Fortune showed her care and kindness. First the flowing river at Brentford, now the ever-changing sea and the loveliest of skies; all visions to be stored in the schoolboy's memory, to be realised in after years by the great painter of river, sea, and sky.

Returning to London, he takes up his former pursuits, but no longer alone. The shy, sensitive boy has now a companion of his own age (Girtin was the elder by three months), who shares his tastes, shares his enthusiasm for art, and works with him in friendly rivalry. Girtin was one of the chosen few who are born to be great artists. His life was short, for he died when only twenty-seven years of age, but in those few years he won for himself a name second only to Turner's among the founders of the modern British school of painters in water-colours.

Tom Girtin

To the affection which the two boys felt for each other was added a strong mutual admiration. Turner is known to have expressed his share of both these sentiments. After Girtin's death he would speak of him as "Poor Tom," and always with deep feeling. "We were friends to the last," he once said, "though *they* did what they could to separate us." There is good evidence to prove that he put up a tombstone (now removed) to Girtin's memory in Covent Garden churchyard. What he thought of Girtin as an artist may be gathered from his sayings:—"Had Tom Girtin lived I should have starved;" and again, whilst looking at one of Girtin's "yellow" drawings:—"I never in my whole life could make a drawing like that: I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to make such a one." To Girtin himself he expressed his opinion on another occasion with equally generous warmth. Girtin had finished a water-colour drawing of St. Paul's, looking up Ludgate Hill. Turner, after viewing it, first closely and then at a distance, turning to Girtin, exclaimed:—"Girtin, no man living could do this but you."

Friendship with Girtin

Yet Turner's own work in the same medium was, even in Girtin's lifetime, of far higher quality; whilst in later years he carried the art of painting in water-colours to a height which neither Girtin nor any of the older painters ever approached.

Several of Girtin's drawings—but none of his best—may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

Amongst them is one of Dr. Munro's country-house near Leatherhead, which Turner must have seen him paint, and others of Kirkstall and Rivaulx Abbeys, probably painted in Turner's company in Yorkshire.

Dr. Munro his "True Master"

The lads were fortunate enough to meet with a kindly and wise patron, critic, and teacher—Dr. Munro. To his rooms in the Adelphi they would go, night after night, and copy under his direction pictures by Gainsborough, Sandby, Cozens, and others, as well as by old masters. There also they met many of the chief painters of the day—Wilson, Gainsborough, Sandby, and others.

"Turner's true master," says Mr. Ruskin, "was Dr. Munro: to the practical teaching of that first patron, and the wise simplicity of the method of water-colour study in which he was disciplined by him, and companioned by Girtin, the healthy and constant development of the youth's power is primarily to be attributed."

Under Dr. Munro's roof the painters of the old water-colour school and the two lads who were to found the new, met and touched hands. If only it were possible for us to see a collection of the pictures of the water-colour painters of that period arranged in order of time, what a delightful revelation it would be of the growth and pre-eminence of that form of art which is so peculiarly English! But, alas! they are mostly hidden away in private hands, and the few in the National collections are hung without attempt at due order and sequence.

Perspective

In fine weather the two lads would make studies on the banks of the Thames from the Savoy to Richmond, and for their day's or evening's work the "good Doctor," as Turner in after-life always called him, would give them half-a-crown and a supper. How long their companionship lasted cannot be stated with certainty. The events of Turner's life during the two following years were numerous and changeable, and such as would put an end to the happy fellowship in work, but their friendship and mutual admiration were only broken by Girtin's death.

The year 1789 seems to have been one of many changes to the boy of fourteen. First he was sent to a school of perspective, of which Tom Malton was master. Here his want of mathematical training was fatal to his success in mastering the science of geometrical perspective. Malton pronounced him stupid and unteachable, and finally sent him back to his father as an impossible pupil. Perspective, treated mathematically, was beyond him; but his keen intelligence pieced together, from what he saw at Malton's, a system of his own, rough and ready it may be, but enough for his work—enough, too, to enable him in after years to hold, not without credit, the post of Professor of Perspective to the Royal Academy. In later years he was heard to say, "My real master was Tom Malton."

The boy had for some time been employed by architects in washing-in skies and backgrounds to their drawings. One of them, a Mr. Porden (the architect of the Pavilion at Brighton!), finding

these additions of much value, offered to take the boy as a pupil for seven years and give him his articles. This offer the father wisely refused; but, thinking it would be good for him to work at architectural drawing, sent him for a time to another architect, Mr. Hardwick. After a few months Mr. Hardwick, perceiving the real genius with whom he had to deal, strongly advised the father to get him into the Royal Academy Schools, and the boy Turner succeeded in gaining admission towards the end of 1789. This was the turning-point in his life. Girtin continued to work in water-colours only; Turner is in time initiated into the methods of oil-painting, attends the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is even admitted to the great artist's studio, where he copies some of his fine portraits.

Early Training in Art

Enough has not been made of the influence of Sir Joshua on Turner. It is not difficult to imagine the lad's profound reverence for the President of the Academy and admiration of the renowned painter's pictures. To be admitted to work in his studio was a privilege which Sir Joshua would not have granted, unless he had recognised in him artistic talent. The great figure-painter and the great landscape-painter were but to touch hands, as it were, and part, but the effect on the boy of even a brief association with the great master must have been deep and lasting. Mr. Ruskin is hardly just to the teaching of the Royal Academy when he lays on it the responsibility of Turner's defective methods and use of fugitive

Sir Joshua Reynolds

pigments in the pictures of his middle and late periods. Any one who will carefully study his earlier paintings in oil, such as the "Abingdon" (1810) and "Frosty Morning" (1813) in the National Gallery (numbers 485, 492), must own that his method at that period was sound, and colours lasting. It was only when, disregarding his Academy training, he sought for brilliant untried effects of colour, obtained by the use of uncertain pigments, that the results were disastrous to the permanence of his pictures. But the boy of fifteen has a long way to go before that period is reached.

Sketching Tours

The year 1790 marks the beginning of a freer life for the young landscape-painter. He goes farther afield in search of subjects, making journeys on foot, sometimes five-and-twenty miles in a day, carrying his bundle of necessaries swung on a stick over his shoulder, and stopping to sketch whatever attracted him. It is possible to form a picture of his appearance from descriptions given by those who knew him at the time. Short in stature, strongly built, with legs slightly bowed, he was fitted to endure fatigue. His face was open, eyes blue, nose aquiline, and mouth sensitive; his feet and delicate hands small and fine. His early life had made him indifferent to appearance, and accustomed to poor lodging and hard fare. He could make himself at home in the rough country inn, and put up with such food and quarters for the night as it afforded, and, shy though he was, he could join in the humour of rustic company.

His journeys in this fashion for the next few years

were mostly undertaken on commission, to provide topographical drawings for books, magazines, and engraved prints; this being the most certain way for a young artist to earn his living in those days. The subjects were naturally such as would be likely to be popular—castles, cathedrals, abbeys, and the like; but he filled his sketch-books with studies of Nature in all her aspects, and stored his marvellous memory with effects of sky and atmosphere to be reproduced in his later works. It would be tedious and useless to give lists of these early drawings, which included views chosen from the whole of the South of England from Dover to Bristol, and as far north as Wolverhampton.

"The result of these tours," Mr. Monkhouse observes, "may be said to have been the perfection of his technical skill, the partial displacement of traditional notions of composition, and the storing of his memory with infinite effects of nature. It was as good and thorough discipline in the study of nature as his former life had been in the study of art."

It was in the early years of these wanderings that he paid visits to an old friend of his father's at Bristol, a Mr. Narraway, who is said to have lent him a pony, on which he explored South Wales. At Mr. Narraway's house he painted in 1790 (or 1791) a portrait of himself, which afterwards came into Mr. Ruskin's possession, and was exhibited by him with his Turner drawings in 1878. Mr. Ruskin says of this portrait:—"It, in the first place, shows the broad and somewhat clumsy manner of his painting in the 'school days'; in the

"The Shipwreck" (p. 47).

second, it is to me, who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew." From Turner's portrait of himself, now in the National Gallery, all may see what he was like a year later, at the age of seventeen.

Turner's first drawing at the Royal Academy, a water-colour of "Dover Castle," was exhibited in 1787, when he was twelve years old. From the year 1790 to 1850 two hundred and sixty-seven of his paintings were hung on the walls of the Exhibition, and there were only four of these sixty years (1805, 1821, 1824, and 1848) in which his name does not appear in the catalogue. Many important paintings were also shown by him at the British Institution between the years 1806 and 1846. Most of his water-colours, and a large number of his oil-paintings, were never exhibited.

Pictures at the R.A.

It is impossible now to tell, except where the pictures can be traced, which of all these were painted in water-colours and which in oil; but all those exhibited before 1797 were undoubtedly water-colour drawings, and of those in the seven following years part were in one medium, part in the other, the proportion of oil-paintings gradually increasing until 1803, after which Turner's exhibited works were, with few exceptions, painted in oil-colours. The portrait of himself shows that he painted in oils as early as 1792, but until 1795 he used water-colours only for landscapes, and for two years afterwards his exhibited pictures were all with one exception painted in that medium. The exception was his first exhibited

landscape in oil, "Moonlight: a Study at Millbank," shown at the Royal Academy in 1797, and now in the National Gallery, but not much of it is to be discerned except the disc of the moon.

Little excuse will be needed for quoting the following passages from Mr. Hamerton's *Life*, which sum up in a complete form Turner's early artistic career and methods of work:—

Summary of Early Art Life

"When as yet a mere boy, at an age when others are preparing for some remotely future career, at an age when many have not yet even made up their minds as to the nature of their life's occupation, Turner was already actively engaged in his profession. At fifteen he exhibited his view of the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth, and studied the same year at Eltham and Uxbridge with a view to next year's Exhibition. A year later, with that readiness to seize upon an impression which he retained to the close of life, we find him drawing the Pantheon after the fire, which was exhibited in 1792, the artist being then seventeen years old; and it may be observed that in a study of his at Malmesbury Abbey, for a drawing which was exhibited that year, he had taken note of a shadow playing on tree-trunks in the same spirit of observation which characterises the memoranda of his fullest maturity. Another of Turner's great permanent characteristics is visible at a very early period of his career. No landscape-painter was ever so wide in range as he was. The exact opposite of Constable, whose art was the expression of intense affection for

one locality, Turner took an interest in the whole world of landscape, and therefore was of necessity a traveller as well as a sketcher or maker of memoranda.

"He began by travelling in England and Wales, and had studied a great variety of scenery before his twentieth year. In 1793, being then eighteen, he was sent by one of his employers, Walker, the publisher of the *Copper-plate Magazine*, to Kent, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire. His drawings were engraved, even at that early stage of his career—an immense encouragement to a young artist, from the publicity which engraving gives, and its consequent chances of fame. The Exhibitions of the Royal Academy were open to him from his boyhood, and this encouraged him to work in colour, and not to confine himself to simple chiaroscuro-drawing for the engravers.

Sketches for Engravers

"Before he was twenty he had penetrated into Wales, very probably from Bristol, and had drawn the river Monach, near the Devil's Bridge, in Cardiganshire; he had also drawn at Tintern and Great Malvern. In 1794 he exhibited five works, the next year eight, and the year following eleven. At twenty he had drawn Lincoln, Peterborough, and Cambridge, besides views in Denbighshire, Monmouthshire, and Cardiganshire. At twenty-one he had visited the Isle of Wight, besides Salisbury, Ely, and Llandaff. His first Continental excursion did not take place until some years later, but the Rhine and Alps could be waited for in patient hope

by a youth who had England and Wales for his sketching-ground, with all their rivers and hills."

Technique

"The technical history of Turner's youth may be told accurately in a few words. At the age of seventeen he was a fairly good painter in oil, but in a heavy, though safe manner, and had overcome all the first difficulties in the career of a portrait-painter. When he abandoned the intention of making portraiture his profession and took to landscape, he worked in water-colour, in which he had acquired considerable skill at an early age. At the age of twenty he began to try to express in oil the knowledge of landscape which he had acquired with pencil and water-colour. At the age of twenty-two he was able to paint landscape in either of the two mediums, but remained for a long time more addicted to water-colour, and used it in preference all his life for work intended to be engraved. In later years he painted much in oil, but the influence of his water-colour practice is evident in nearly all his pictures. . . . Whilst yet a minor he was a painter in water-colours, a painter in oils, a considerable traveller within the limits of his native island, and his works were already engraved. At twenty he was not preparing for life, but really lived already, and had entered thoroughly upon his career."

No life would be complete without a love-story, and one is related of Turner which may be referred to this period. Such evidence of its truth as is obtainable is somewhat vague, but the incident is probably authentic in its main outlines.

Love-Story

When he was at school at Margate he visited the home of one of his schoolfellows, with whose sister the precocious boy of thirteen fell in love. Four years later, in 1793, whilst he was sketching places of interest in Kent on commission, he renewed the acquaintance and became engaged to the young lady, apparently against the wishes of her friends. Turner's wanderings took him in other directions for the next two years, and the girl's step-mother, by intercepting all correspondence, contrived to make her believe that her lover had forgotten her, and induced her to pledge herself to a more wealthy suitor.

Turner in Love

Only a week before the wedding-day Turner arrived at Margate, and the trick was exposed; but the girl, thinking it was too late to draw back, in spite of her early lover's entreaties, gave her hand to the man her step-mother favoured.

To this unhappy ending of his "love's young dream" is attributed Turner's later disbelief in woman, as well as the melancholy tone which tinged much of his future life, and which was summed up in the title of his attempt to express ideas in verse: "The Fallacies of Hope." On a shy, sensitive nature, such as his was, the effect of the blow would be lasting, and no other chance was given him in life of close companionship with a refined woman. What the loss was to him can never be fully estimated.

CHAPTER III.

LATER MORNING.

[1795-1805: ÆTAT. XX.-XXX.]

Turner as a teacher—Yorkshire—A reader of poetry—Turner's intellectual power—Yorkshire scenery and its influence—Farnley Hall—Elected A.R.A.—Turner's attitude to the older landscape-painters—Turner and Claude—Turner and the painters of his time—Elected R.A.—First tour abroad—Work in water-colours—Romances of art.

Takes to Teaching

To add to his means of living, Turner at this period, like most young artists, took to teaching, at fees beginning with five shillings a lesson, rising to ten, and later to a guinea. There were two characteristic reasons why he did not continue this work long. Firstly, he always had a difficulty in expressing his meaning clearly in words; and, secondly, he thought time wasted on any one who had not intelligence enough to grasp at once the principle he was trying to make plain. Also, he had more congenial work to do. Already he had won a reputation among publishers of engravings and illustrated works, whose commissions amply filled up any time he could spare from his painting.

His water-colour drawings at the Royal Academy in

1795 (eight), 1796 (eleven), and 1797 (seven), not only give evidence of his energy and industry, but also of the extent of his journeying. Narraway's pony had taken him to Tintern, Raglan, Glamorganshire, and Cardiganshire; and his own walking powers, with occasional lifts on a stage-coach, to Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, and Salisbury Cathedrals, Shrewsbury, Denbighshire, Cambridge, Essex, Isle of Wight, and Bath.

"In the summer of 1797," writes Mr. Ruskin, "when he was two-and-twenty, he took, if not actually his first journey, certainly the first with fully-prepared and cultivated faculties, into Yorkshire and Cumberland. In the following year he exhibited ten pictures in the Royal Academy, to one of which he attached the first poetical motto he ever gave to a picture. The subject of it was 'Morning among the Coniston Fells,' and the lines chosen for it, these (Milton's):— *Yorkshire*

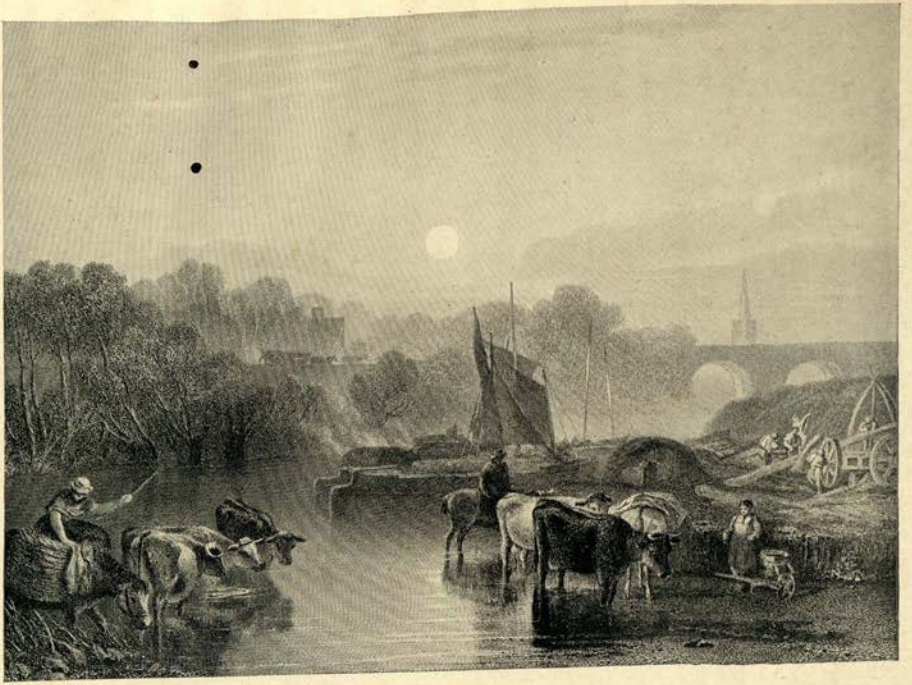
> 'Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
> From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or grey
> Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold;
> In honour to the world's great Author, rise.'"

To the titles of four other pictures of that year (1798) passages from Thomson's *Seasons* were appended, and in the catalogue of the following year (1799) the descriptions of six of his twelve pictures are accompanied by quotations of verse, two being from Milton's *Paradise Lost,* and one from Thomson's *Seasons.*

Turner's real education had evidently begun. He was now a reader. The poetry of Milton and descriptive verse of Thomson attracted him, because they put into words for him the appearances of nature which he was studying and painting. Poetry had a subtle charm for Turner throughout his life. His sympathy with all imaginative art was intense, and he was himself a true, if inarticulate poet. What if his imaginative power expresses itself by signs and symbols that reach the mind through the eye alone! The poet speaks in many languages, of which painting and music are not the least sublime.

Turner's Intellectual Power

It is not too early in these pages to insist on the recognition of Turner's great intellectual power and wonderful force of character. Literary men, to whom it falls to write the lives of men of genius, are too apt to measure their capacity by the presence or lack of literary ability. Turner has suffered more than any other artist from this mistaken method of judgment, chiefly because he was not content to express his poetic feeling in his native language, painting, of which he was one of the greatest masters, but attempted to utter his thoughts in verse, a foreign tongue to him, which he could speak only obscurely. To a man skilled in literary expression his verse seems contemptible; but if he judges of Turner's mental calibre from the "Fallacies of Hope," he is as much mistaken as one who should judge of the eloquence of a renowned French orator by the few broken sentences he might be able to put together in



"Abingdon" (p. 50).

English. In mental vigour Turner stood on equal terms with men of conspicuous literary genius, but he was as incapable of speaking their language as they would be of expressing their thoughts in his.

In the following passages Mr. Ruskin describes the effect which Turner's first visit to Yorkshire in 1797 had on the mind and heart of the young artist, and the lasting influence which Yorkshire scenery had on his future work. Turner's previous study and wanderings among scenes of natural beauty were in Mr. Ruskin's view but an apprenticeship and preparation which enabled him to take in the full effect of all that was now presented to his "cultivated faculties." The ideas are Mr. Ruskin's own, and can only be given in his own language:—

Yorkshire Scenery

"At last Fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the North Road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever afterwards, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last: no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back-shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated-garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is

here, then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces—that multitudinous marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

"Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. . . . And thus the fate and issue of all his work was determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labour and sorrow and passing away of men; this was the great human truth visible to him. . . . So taught, and prepared for his life's labour, sat the boy at last among his fair English hills; and began to paint, with cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and trickling brooks, and soft white clouds of heaven."

Again Mr. Ruskin writes:—

Influence of Yorkshire

"The scenery whose influence I can trace most definitely throughout his works, varied as they are, is that of Yorkshire. Of all his drawings, I think, those of the Yorkshire series have the most heart in them, the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious finishing of truth. . . . It is, I believe, to those broad wooded steeps and swells of the Yorkshire downs that we, in part, owe the singular massiveness that prevails in Turner's mountain

drawing, and gives it one of its chief elements of grandeur. . . . His first conceptions of mountain scenery seem to have been taken from Yorkshire; and its rounded hills, far-winding rivers, and broken limestone scars, to have formed a type in his mind, to which he sought, as far as might be, to obtain some correspondent imagery in all other landscape. . . ."

Farnley Hall

This impression was not completed in one year. It was deepened by visits paid in 1799 and 1800, in which years he was employed by a local historian, Dr. Whitaker, Vicar of Whalley, to make drawings illustrating his histories of the Parish of Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire. One of these drawings was of Farnley Hall, the owner of which, Mr. Fawkes, became one of Turner's intimate friends, to whom he paid visits year by year up to Mr. Fawkes's death in 1820. Here Turner found a real home, in which he showed his true nature at its best, and it was the memory of his lost friend which made his voice falter when in after-life he spoke of the banks of the Wharfe—"those shores of the Wharfe which he never could revisit without tears; nay, which for all the latter part of his life he could never even speak of but his voice faltered." "He could not make up his mind to visit Farnley after his friend's death." Mr. Fawkes bought not only his drawings of Yorkshire, but also later a fine series made on the Rhine and in Switzerland, and some few oil-paintings, most of which are still to be seen at Farnley Hall.

Turner's journeys in 1797 extended to Cumberland,

Westmoreland, and Northumberland, as is shown by the subjects of his pictures at the Royal Academy in 1798, three of which were scenes from Yorkshire, three from the English Lakes, and four from Northumberland. In 1798 he seems to have returned to Wales, where, amongst other drawings, he made a study for a picture, eventually assigned as his "diploma" picture to the Royal Academy—"Dolbadern Castle, North Wales," which is to be seen in that interesting but little visited collection, the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.

His pictures at the Royal Academy in 1797 and 1798 had marked him out as the coming landscape-painter.

The Coming Landscape-Painter

In a private diary of 1797 the following note appears, which shows the estimate that was being formed of him:—"June 2, 1797. Visited the Royal Academy Exhibition. Particularly struck with a sea-view by Turner; fishing vessels coming in, with a heavy swell, in apprehension of tempest gathering in the distance and casting as it advances a night of shade, while a parting glow is spread with fine effect upon the shore. The whole composition bold in design and masterly in execution. I am entirely unacquainted with the artist; but if he proceeds as he has begun, he cannot fail to become the first in his department."

The five pictures which he exhibited in 1799 further confirmed the superiority of his work, compared with that of other landscape-painters of the time, and the members of the Royal Academy were moved to elect

him an Associate, he being then only twenty-four years old. From the studio in Hand Court, which he had taken on coming of age in 1796, he now removed (taking his old father with him) to 64 Harley Street, which address, together with the coveted A (for Associate), is printed after his name in the catalogue for 1800. Fairly launched on his career, freed from anxiety about the future, the young painter shows at once that he aims at attaining a place among those artists who had achieved fame in the past.

Elected A.R.A., 1799

Turner's attitude to the older landscape-painters, Vandevelde, Salvator Rosa, the Poussins, and Claude, has been completely misunderstood. The originality of that attitude rendered such misunderstanding natural. He is represented as having copied them, one after the other, in style and subjects. But Turner was too full of native power ever to be a copyist. The true explanation seems to be this: Turner, with all his genius, had a large share of humility, and genuinely admired the work of his forerunners in art. Many of his later sayings prove this. To a friend who showed him an engraving of a picture of Vandevelde's, he said, "That picture made me a painter."

"We were looking," relates Mr. Trimmer, "at a Vandevelde, and on some one observing, 'I think you can go beyond that,' Turner shook his head and said, 'I can't paint like him.'" Again, Mr. Trimmer says: "Once, calling on me, he spoke in raptures of a picture of Poussin's, 'Jonah cast on Shore,' then exhibited in

Pall Mall; he called it a wonderful picture and sent us off to see it. I have heard him speak most enthusiastically in praise of Gainsborough's execution and Wilson's tone, and he plainly thought himself their inferior." And this was when he was "at the height of his fame."

Attitude to the Old Painters

Most landscape-painters study nature first and art afterwards. Turner's peculiar training forced him to study art before he went to nature. The influence of this early training is visible in all his later work. Art was to him a tradition, and he held in reverence all those who had helped to hand down its teachings. In these years of his early manhood he went, as it were, to each of the older landscape-painters with the question: "How did you look on Nature, and how represent her? Let me learn of you, if I can." Then he would try a picture or two in that painter's special style, and having proved what was in it, would pass on to another with the same question; until, having learned of each as much as they could teach him, and finding that nothing he could gather from them came up to his own ideas, he was led to found a style and method all his own.

There is something very touching in this teachable attitude of the young genius towards his elders. No copyist he; but an earnest inquirer after knowledge. First he went to Vandevelde, from whom he learned much; then to the Poussins and Salvator Rosa, from whom he gained nothing that was good; and lastly to Claude, for whom his admiration was unfeigned, and

whose influence on him was marked, helpful as well as hurtful. Even in that last linking of his name with Claude's, at the end of his life, he has been woefully misjudged, as if it were an act of presumptuous arrogance. Whereas, if viewed without prejudice, his meaning is simple and even affecting. It is well known that most of his grand pictures found no buyers, but came back to him from the walls of the Academy, and lay neglected in his gallery to their immeasurable harm, until they passed, by his will, to the British nation. Claude was regarded at that time as the one master of landscape-painting. Turner, conscious of his own power, leaves as a last challenge to his countrymen the request: "Hang up my two favourite pictures, which I once resolved should be buried with me, by the side of Claude's, and let those who come after judge between me, whom you neglect, and him, whom you worship." Turner in his heart honestly admired Claude. His request was inspired by no mean rivalry or petty jealousy. It was a demand for justice to himself from his own countrymen, and, faded and decayed as his pictures are since they first appeared in their splendour at the Royal Academy, his countrymen with pride now render him justice to the full.

Turner and Claude

Towards the painters of his own time Turner's attitude was different, and in some cases he may be suspected of poking fun at them. If one of them painted a subject which interested him, he would follow it up by exhibiting a picture of a similar, or even of the same

subject treated from his own point of view. From Loutherbourg he obtained his idea of the "Battle of the Nile," exhibited in 1799; from the Poussins the "Fifth Plague of Egypt" (1800), "Tenth Plague of Egypt" (1802), and others. Andrew Caldwell, writing to Bishop Percy in 1802, says: "Turner beats Loutherbourg and every other artist all to nothing. A painter of my acquaintance, and a good judge, declares his pencil is magic, and that it is worth every landscape-painter's while to make a pilgrimage to see and study his works. Loutherbourg he used to think so highly of appears now mediocre."

Turner and Painters of his Time

If his fellow-artists generally held such an opinion of him, his election as full Academician in 1802, when he was only twenty-seven years old, need cause no surprise. Compared with his later magnificent work, Turner had as yet done little that would in these days entitle him to rank high as an artist. Perhaps the very magnificence of his later achievements makes us wonder that his earlier caused him to be so highly thought of. That he should already have been reckoned among the foremost of English landscape-painters of the time says little, however, for the art of the day.

Elected R.A., 1802

But he speedily and splendidly justified his election. For nearly fifty years afterwards his paintings formed one of the features of the Exhibition, and his affection for, and loyalty to, the Royal Academy were a part of his life.

"Frosty Morning" (p. 50).

His Colours Few

His pictures, both in oil and water-colours, of this period, and for some time afterwards, showed none of the brilliancy of his later work. They are quiet and subdued in tone, and the colours used are few. So far he is following the tradition of the elders, and seems to shrink from the use of bright colours as much as he afterwards delighted in them. If he added a touch or two of nature's manifold hues, it was but cautiously and timidly. Undoubtedly he saw them always, as is evident from his reply on a later occasion to a lady who said to him: "I find, Mr. Turner, in copying one of your pictures, that touches of blue, red, and yellow appear all through the work."

"Well, madam, don't you see that yourself in nature? because, if you don't, Heaven help you."

Blue he always used freely, but red (except in figures) and yellow were as yet almost ignored in his scheme of colouring.

First Tour Abroad

War with France had for many years prevented Englishmen from travelling on the Continent, but in 1802 Turner took advantage of the brief interval following the Peace of Amiens to make a tour in France and Switzerland, returning home by the Rhine. At the very outset, before he landed at Calais, he found a subject for his powerful picture "Calais Pier," exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, and now in the National Gallery (No. 472). Making his way by diligence, canal-boat, and many a league on foot, through France, sketching with ever-busy pencil, or dashing in

views with washes of water-colour, he reached at length the heart of Switzerland. Pausing for a day or two at Bonneville, on the road to Chamounix, where he made studies for two Academy pictures, he passed on to Chamounix itself, the Mer de Glâce, and over the Alps to the Val d'Aosta on the Italian side, all of which were depicted in the Exhibition of 1803. Of his travels we have no other record. A stranger in strange lands, unable to speak or understand any language but his own, without a companion, the silent man met silent nature face to face, with nothing to disturb or divert his mind from contemplation of the visions of beauty which she spread before his eyes.

How many sketches and drawings in pencil and in water-colour he made during this tour of a few months can be imagined when we remember that his pencil and brush were busy without ceasing, whenever he stopped at a place even for an hour. They supplied him with subjects for six of his pictures which appeared at the Royal Academy in 1803, the seventh being the "Holy Family" now in the National Gallery (No. 473). The result of this return to nature for inspiration was a return also to that medium (water-colours) in which he always worked when he wished to represent, with fidelity and finish, scenes which touched his imagination. His pictures in oil exhibited in 1804 were but three, and in 1805 none. There is little doubt that he produced in those two years a large number of paintings in water-colours, for Turner was never idle.

Work in Water-Colours

It is equally certain that, in search of subjects for these drawings, he must have wandered over many a stretch of country in Great Britain during the years 1803-5. His water-colours of this period were made for the engraver, and it was to them that he looked at this time for the greater part of his income. Turner was never so completely happy as when he was roaming from one beautiful spot to another, ready at any moment with facile hand and brush to set down some fresh aspect of nature's beauty, some fleeting atmospheric effect before it passed from his view.

Readers of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* must have been struck with the fact that almost all his praise and appreciation of Turner's work are given to his water-colour drawings. The reason of this is not far to seek. Ruskin himself was no mean painter in water-colours, and could value every touch in that medium at its proper worth. Moreover, it was when working in this medium that Turner reached Ruskin's high standard of truth in the representation of nature. His oil-paintings were very unequal. Some few, both in subject and execution, are unworthy of his genius, and most of his greatest works are romances, and meant to be such.

But, when painting in water-colours, the great artist was intent only on rendering marvellous effects and lovely scenes such as his eyes had actually beheld. Marvellous indeed they appear to those who have never seen the like, but there are few who cannot recall visions which they have themselves beheld,

more wonderful than any that art has ever represented.

The same remark applies even more forcibly to his masterpieces in oil, on which his fame will always chiefly rest. Romances they may be, but they are Nature's own romances, interpreted by perfect knowledge of all the resources of art. If any proof beyond the pictures themselves were needed of the supremacy of Turner's work, the evidence of his fellow-artists should be conclusive. Those who, not unworthily, have represented the great British School of landscape-painting from his day to this, have stood before his canvases wrapped in admiration and wonder, and, one and all, have expressed their thought in the happy phrase used by Lockhart to Sir Walter Scott: "The world has only *one* Turner."

Romances of Art

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN HIMSELF.

Turner's character—Effects of home influences—Mrs. Wheeler's testimony—Mr. Ruskin's evidence—Turner's truth—Mr. G. Jones, R.A., as a witness—Turner's object in saving—Force of intellect.

TURNER in 1805 was thirty years old; a man of formed character, of which as yet little has been here told. It will help much to a right understanding of the rest of his career, and our interest in it, if, before dealing with the remaining decades, we try to form a picture of his inner life, as far as may be, and its outward expression. What aspect did he present to those whom he met in daily life? What were his tastes, feelings, and impulses, and how did he express them? How much of his true nature was revealed by his words and actions?

Home influences are never entirely put aside. "The boy is father of the man;" the man bears through life a family likeness to the boy. Turner's outside failings are all to be traced to the unrefined surroundings amidst which childhood was passed, and the mean influences to which he was then exposed.

Effects of Home Influences

Always a gentleman at heart, he often failed to show

by his habits and manners the usual signs of gentle breeding. Generous as he undoubtedly was in great things, he was mean and even penurious in small matters, but chiefly towards himself.

"Dad never praised me," he once remarked, "except for saving a ha'penny."

Genial as he could be with his friends, his bearing to others was at times gruff, and his outside manner did cruel injustice to the tender heart within. But those who knew him best bear witness to the depth of his feeling, his truly generous nature, and gentle, if sometimes disguised, consideration for others.

Interesting all this, if true, some will say. The truth must be tested by the evidence of his friends, and the stories that are told of the man.

First among the witnesses who knew him well comes Mrs. Wheeler, the daughter of W. F. Wells, the painter:—"In early life my father's house was his second home, a haven of rest from many domestic trials, too sacred to touch upon. Turner loved my father with a son's affection; and to me he was as an elder brother. He was a firm and affectionate friend to the end of his life; his feelings were seldom seen on the surface, but they were deep and enduring. No one could have imagined, under that rather rough and cold exterior, how very strong were the affections which lay hidden beneath. I have more than once seen him weep bitterly, particularly at the death of my own dear father (1836), which took him by surprise, for he was blind to the coming

Mrs. Wheeler's Testimony

event, which he dreaded. He came immediately to my house in an agony of tears Sobbing like a child, he said, 'O Clara, Clara! these are iron tears. I have lost the best friend I have ever had in my life.' Oh! what a different man would Turner have been if all the good and kindly feelings of his great mind had been called into action; but they lay dormant, and were known to so very few. He was by nature suspicious, and no tender hand had wiped away early prejudices, the inevitable consequences of a defective education. Of all the light-hearted merry creatures I ever knew, Turner was the most so; and the laughter and fun that abounded when he was an inmate of our cottage was inconceivable, particularly with the juvenile members of the family."

This witness was a refined lady who knew Turner well, from the time when he was a lad of seventeen and she a girl of twelve, up to the end of his life. Her evidence is as genuine as it is artlessly expressed. No morose ogre he, as some have represented him, but a man whose feelings all through life were "good and kindly, deep and enduring," a "light-hearted, merry creature" then, as his fellow-artists found him later; and, as will be shown presently, endowed with a "great mind."

The next witness is Mr. Ruskin. His advice to Mr. Thornbury is not to be passed over:—

"Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did:—

Uprightness. *Obstinacy* (extreme).
Generosity. *Irritability.*
Tenderness of heart (extreme). *Infidelity.*[1]
Sensuality.

And be sure that he knew his own power, and felt himself utterly alone in the world from its not being understood. Don't try to mask the dark side."

How deplorably Mr. Thornbury misinterpreted this advice can happily be shown by quotations from Mr. Ruskin's own explanations written later (*Modern Painters*, vol. v.):—

Mr. Ruskin's Evidence

"Full of far deeper love for what I remember of Turner himself, as I became better capable of understanding it, I find myself more and more helpless to explain his errors and sins. His errors, I might say, simply. Perhaps, some day, people will again begin to remember the force of the old Greek word for sin, and to learn that all sin is, in its essence—'Missing the mark'—losing sight or consciousness of heaven; and that this loss may be various in its guilt; it cannot be judged by us. It is this of which the words are spoken so sternly, 'judge not.' . . . The habitual modern practical application of the precept is to avoid the trouble of pronouncing verdict, by taking, of any matter, the pleasantest malicious view which first comes to hand. . . . I said, but now, that of an evil tree men never gathered good fruit. And the lesson

[1] Mr. Ruskin afterwards explained his use of this word as "Faithlessness, or despair—the despair characteristic of this present century [the nineteenth], and most sorrowfully manifested in its greatest men."

"Crossing the Brook" (p. 51).

we have finally to learn from Turner's life is broadly this, that all the power of it came from its mercy and sincerity; all the failure of it from its want of faith. . . . Much of his mind and heart I do not know;—perhaps, never shall know. But this much I do; and if there is anything in the previous course of this work to warrant trust in me of any kind, let me be trusted when I tell you, that Turner had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true, as ever God gave to one of His creatures. I offer as yet no evidence in this matter. Only this one fact I now record most joyfully and solemnly, that, having known Turner for ten years—and that during the period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were, in many respects, diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world—I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man, or man's work; I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look; I never knew him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance or endeavour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner, whom I have ever known, could I say this. And of this kindness and truth came, I repeat, all his highest power. And all his failure and error, deep and strange, came of his faithlessness.

"In speaking of his truth, I use the word in a double sense; truth to himself and to others.

"Truth to himself; that is to say, the resolution to do his duty by his art, and carry all work out as well as it could be done. Other painters, for the most part, modify their work by some reference to public taste,

or alter facts to show their power. Turner never did any of these things. The thing the public asked of him he would do, but, whatever it was, only as *he* thought it ought to be done.

Turner's Truth

"He was true to others. No accusation has ever been brought forward against Turner by his most envious enemies of his breaking a promise, or failing in an undertaken trust. His sense of justice was strangely acute; it was like his sense of balance in colour."

In estimating the value of any evidence the character of the witness himself forms an important factor. Mr. Ruskin's testimony has special weight owing to his own singularly refined and beautiful nature. No man, of whom he could think and speak in such terms, could possibly have been of such a character as retailers of gossip have made Turner out to be. But it may be objected that Ruskin knew him only for a few years at the end of his life. Our next witness, therefore, shall be one who knew him well for nearly forty years before his death, and was one of his most intimate friends—Mr. George Jones, R.A.

"Many stories," says Mr. Jones, "are told of Turner's parsimony and covetousness, but they are generally untrue; he was careful, and desired to accumulate; he acknowledged it, often added to the jokes against himself, and would say, with an arch expression of countenance, when congratulated on the successful sale of a picture, 'Yes, but there is the frame, or the carriage, or the time spent in alteration

Mr. G. Jones, R.A., as a Witness

or varnishing;' but these were indulgences in the ridiculous, which always excited mirth and gave him pleasure; cruelty and unkindness he never felt, a proof of which was discovered after his death. The executors inquired what were the debts due to him, and learned from his lawyer that the rent of two houses in Harley Street had not been paid for two years. This surprised the executors, but the matter was explained by the lawyer stating that Mr. Turner would not allow him to distrain, yet pressed him to importune the tenants for the rent."

It is worth noting here that a great number of the stories that profess to record instances of Turner's meanness, and spiteful treatment of other artists, are gross perversions of what Mr. Jones calls his "indulgences in the ridiculous" or of some practical joke, such as he loved, but which had never a trace in it of the sting of spite.

Mr. Jones, in another passage, states the true reason why Turner "desired to accumulate":—

Turner's Object in Saving

"During twenty-five years he indulged the pleasing hope that he should leave a testimony of his good-will and compassion for unfortunate artists. To his intimate friends he constantly talked of the best mode of leaving property for the use of the unsuccessful; he wished his survivors to employ his property in building houses for the above-named purpose; he did not like to call them almshouses, but had selected the denomination of 'Turner's Gift.' His benevolence was conspicuous

whenever he was tried, though he often used terms of harshness in which his feelings had no part; but he hated idleness, extravagance, and presumption."

Many incidents will be recorded later in these pages revealing the true nature of the man, but enough evidence has perhaps been given to remove any unjust impression readers may have formed of Turner's character from stories which have been told of him, and to lead them to take an interest in the personality as well as the artistic career of the great painter.

It still remains to show briefly the force of his intellect and the great power and capacity of his mind—to show that he was not only a great artist, but also a man of large intellectual parts.

The *Times* of December 23rd, 1851, in its notice of his death, says:—"Mr. Turner only displayed in the closest intimacy the shrewdness of his observation and the playfulness of his wit. Everywhere he kept back much of what was in him, and while the keenest intelligence, mingled with a strong tinge of satire, animated his brisk countenance, it seemed to amuse him to be but half understood."

Mrs. Wheeler says:—"Turner met Dr. M'Culloch, the celebrated geologist, at our house. Turner was greatly interested in the science of geology; Dr. M'Culloch was delighted with his acute mind, and said, 'That man would have been great in any and every thing he chose to take up; he has such a clear, intelligent, piercing intellect.'"

A Piercing Intellect

A Great Intelligence

Mr. Ruskin, no mean judge, in every passage of his works relating to Turner, conveys his sense of the rare intellectual power in the man, over and above that displayed in his art. His impression is summed up in the following sentences referring to Turner's work:—"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell *what* it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion—all in one."

Finally, the testimony of every man of insight, who ever conversed with Turner, is that they had met one who was something more than a great artist—a great intelligence.

CHAPTER V.

NOON.

[1805-15: ÆTAT. XXX.-XL.]

Artistic power and repose—Sea-paintings—Experience of stormy seas—The peace of nature—Six English scenes—"Abingdon"—"Frosty Morning"—"Crossing the Brook"—Turner and the "Classical" painters—Turner's challenge—Turner and Claude—Classical pictures—Turner's inner meaning—Human feeling—Sympathy with Carthaginians—The sun-worshipper—Pictures of nature—Scriptural and patriotic pictures—A remarkable year.

Power and Repose

POWER and repose are the distinguishing marks of Turner's painting during this period. The power is displayed in those grand pictures of stormy seas, painted from 1805 to 1810, which entitle him to rank unrivalled as the greatest of all sea-painters. Those in the National Gallery alone, which can be seen by all, are enough to prove his claim.[1] First among these is "The Ship-

[1] As far as possible in these pages, detailed remarks on Turner's pictures will be confined to those readily accessible to all. Nothing is more provoking to a reader than to wade through descriptions of paintings which are out of reach and cannot be compared with the accounts given of them. The letters "N.G." with a number, enclosed in brackets thus (N.G. 476), refer to the position of a picture in the National Gallery, and "R.A." (with the year added) will now stand for "exhibited at the Royal Academy."

wreck" (N.G. 476), painted in 1805, but never exhibited. It was bought by Sir J. Fleming Leicester (afterwards Lord de Tabley); but his wife, having lost a nephew at sea, found the sight of the picture too painful. Turner therefore exchanged it for "The Sun rising in a Mist," which, again, he bought back at the sale of Lord de Tabley's pictures, and thus both the paintings were amongst those in his gallery, which passed at his death to the nation.

In "The Shipwreck," as in all Turner's pictures of a stormy sea, the movement and force of the waves are brought out with marvellous power, as are also the wreck itself and the fishing-boats engaged in the perilous work of rescue. If evidence were needed to prove what wonderful observation and memory the artist brought to bear on his work, his sea-pictures alone would furnish enough. No sketch could be made at the moment; all must be reproduced by memory. It is singular that, among all the accounts of Turner's journeys before 1812, we have none recording any experience of a stormy sea, with the exception of his passage to Calais in 1802, and possibly on his return by way of Holland. Probably, therefore, the knowledge of the form and action of great waves, shown in his pictures of this period, was gained in sailing-boats off the coast. One such incident off Plymouth in 1812, related ("regardless of grammar") by Mr. Redding, gives an insight into the attitude of the artist in the presence of wild waters:—

Experience of Rough Weather

"We ran along the coast to Bur Island in Bibury Bay. The sea was boisterous, the morning unpropitious. Our boat was Dutch-built, with out-riggers and undecked. Running out from land the sea rose higher, until off Stokes Point it became stormy. We mounted the ridges bravely. The sea in that part of the Channel rolls in grand furrows from the Atlantic, and we had run about a dozen miles. The artist enjoyed the scene. He sat in the stern-sheets intently watching the sea, and not at all affected by the motion. . . . We made for Bur Island. The difficulty was how to get through the surf, which looked unbroken. At last we got round under the lee of the island, and contrived to get on shore.

"All this time Turner was silent, watching the tumultuous scene. The little island and the solitary hut it held, the bay in the bight of which it lay, and the dark long Bolt Head to seaward, against the rocky shore of which the waves broke with fury, made the artist become absorbed in contemplation, not uttering a syllable. Turner, with a pencil, clambered nearly to the summit of the island, and seemed writing rather than drawing. He probably observed something in the sea-aspect which he had not before noted."

A few hieroglyphics hastily jotted down in pencil supplied all that he needed to recall the scene. His marvellous memory in those silent watchings possessed itself of every line, every detail, which he reproduced so forcefully on canvas.

Of all Turner's great sea-pictures, the most wonderful

"The Sun rising in a Mist" (p. 52).

is "The Wreck of the *Minotaur*," painted in 1808, and now in Lord Yarborough's collection. No one who has had the good fortune to see this picture in the loan Exhibitions in which it has appeared could ever forget the impression of the might of the waves which it conveys —an impression well expressed by an old admiral, who, at sight of the painting, exclaimed: "No boat, no vessel could live in such a sea."

Sea-Paintings

Other sea-paintings of this period in the National Gallery, less stormy but equally forcible, are "Spithead" (N.G. 481, R.A. 1809) and "Bligh Sand, near Sheerness" (N.G. 496, painted in 1809, R.A. 1815).

If the serene repose displayed in the pictures next to be noticed may be taken as indicative of a corresponding feeling in the artist's mind, this may be reckoned as the happiest time of Turner's life. What more lovely presentations of the peace of nature can be imagined than are revealed in such paintings as "Abingdon" (N.G. 485, R.A. 1810), "Frosty Morning" (N.G. 492, R.A. 1813), and "Crossing the Brook" (N.G. 497, R.A. 1815)? They are remarkable, not only as idyls of the peace of nature, but also as rare instances of artistic repose in composition and colouring.

The "Abingdon," together with "Windsor" (N.G. 486), "St. Mawes, Falmouth Harbour" (N.G. 484), "Kingston Bank" (N.G. 491), and "London, from Greenwich" (N.G. 483), were all painted about 1809-10, as was also the "Frosty Morning," though this last

Six English Scenes

was not exhibited till 1813. These six pictures differ much from Turner's later work, but resemble each other in style and treatment, and, with the addition of "Crossing the Brook," may be considered as forming a class by themselves, illustrating the impression which English scenery made on the artist, and his method of painting at the time. There is in all of them a masterly blending of the highest qualities of art with extreme simplicity of method and form. The colouring is subdued, and the effect of each picture mainly depends on the skilful balancing of light and shade. Plates of three of them are given here, from which a general idea may be formed of each and its treatment.

In the "Abingdon" the hazy morning light, in which the distant bridge and church are veiled, lends a mystery to the scene. The smooth water, with the reflections on its surface, is rendered with much refinement, and the cattle and barges are happily placed in the composition. Human interest would perhaps have been sufficiently indicated by the smoke rising from the barges, but the artist at all times seemed to take pleasure in crowding his pictures with figures, and those of the rustics in the foreground are certainly effective, even if they somewhat disturb the repose which is so characteristic a feature of the rest of the picture.

The "Frosty Morning" was painted from a passing view of a scene and effect in Yorkshire, as the artist was whirled past on a stage-coach. Simplicity of subject is well matched by simplicity of treatment.

"A Picture of Pictures"

There is a restraint in the quiet but harmonious colouring, and nature is left to tell her own story. Constable's friend, Archdeacon Fisher, an intense admirer of landscape art, writing to that artist, says:—"I have heard your great picture spoken of here by no inferior judge as one of the best in the Exhibition. I only like one better, and that is a picture of pictures—the 'Frost,' by Turner. But then you need not repine at this decision of mine; you are a great man, and, like Buonaparte, are only to be beaten by a frost."

"Frosty Morning"

This extract is particularly valuable because, together with Mr. Trimmer's evidence that "at Somerset House it was much brighter, and made a great sensation," it converts into a certainty the supposition that the brilliancy of the hoar-frost in the picture has since been lost; the frost, in fact, has melted away. To enable us to realise what the painting was when the Archdeacon described it as "a picture of pictures," the "fairy silver of the frost" must be restored by the imagination.

"Crossing the Brook" is perhaps the most popular of all Turner's pictures. There are several reasons why it appeals to most lovers of nature and art with peculiar force. Composition though it be, it is a typical English landscape, and was painted from studies made in different parts of Devonshire, which Mr. Cyrus Redding, who was with Turner when he painted them, recognised in the picture. In the foreground is a scene on the river Tamar, which the artist told Mr. Redding,

"Crossing the Brook"

on the spot itself, he had never observed in nature before. The Headlands of Plymouth Sound close the distance twelve miles off, and the space between represents views which Turner had actually sketched on their tour.

There is, moreover, a subtle charm in the repose of the whole picture. Few and subdued colours are used, and these are probably far less bright than they were originally. The pervading tone is that shade of blue which is so often to be seen in English landscape. The figures, too, are charming, and they show how interesting Turner could make them when he thought them of sufficient importance in the picture; though he leaves them rough and imperfect enough when he treats them only as points of colour in the composition, or as a means of throwing back the distance.

To this period belong also the two pictures which, in accordance with his will, now hang beside Claude's in the National Gallery: "The Sun rising in a Mist" (N.G. 479, R.A. 1807), and "Dido building Carthage" (N.G. 498, R.A. 1815). It is worth while to inquire what Turner's special feeling was about these two pictures, which led him to select them (and adhere to the selection for years before his death) for such a position.

Claude's paintings were the recognised type of the so-called "classical" landscape. Just as in poetry, for the greater part of the eighteenth century, every English writer thought it fit and necessary to put his ideas into the form and mode of expression used by Dryden

and Pope, so every landscape-painter was driven to paint "classical" subjects in the style of Claude. And just as poetry was delivered from slavish imitation of classical models by Cowper, Byron, and Wordsworth, so landscape-painting in England was freed from a like bondage by Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable.

Turner and the "Classical" Painters

Gainsborough and Constable, born (with an interval of fifty years) within a few miles of each other, on the southern border of Suffolk, went to nature from the first, and became painters of English scenery pure and simple, without a trace of the influence of the classical style. Turner, owing to his early training in art first, was more or less under this influence for a great part of his life; but he was always able to put it aside, as is shown in many of his greatest pictures in oils, and in all his water-colours.

Of course it is a misuse of terms to limit the word "classical" to subjects taken from the "classic" authors of Greece and Rome. Its meaning has broadened, so that to speak of a book or picture as "classical" is as much as to say that it is worthy to live amongst the highest works of past times. But, to the landscape-painter of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, a "classical" landscape meant a landscape more or less resembling Claude's in subject and style.

Poor Wilson had to give up painting from nature and follow the fashion, to avoid starvation. Gainsborough and Constable had private means. They could

not have lived by painting English landscape, for they rarely sold a picture; though Gainsborough later made a large income as a portrait-painter. Turner earned enough, by work done for the engravers, to render him independent of popular taste. He could, and did, paint what and how he liked. Still, taking the opinion of connoisseurs as a criterion, he entered the lists in rivalry with the "classical" painters, and fairly vanquished them on their own ground.

Turner's Challenge

The "Dido building Carthage" is frankly a challenge to the classical painters, and his wish that it should be hung beside Claude's seems natural. It would seem equally natural that he should have named his "Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet" as the companion picture; but he chose, evidently with a purpose, "The Sun rising in a Mist." No formal picture of a prescribed subject; no "classic" scene or story; but a simple view of coast and sea, glorified by all the splendour of atmosphere which he alone could add to it.

Is it not possible that his meaning, in placing this beside Claude's, was to show that for him the bonds of the "classical" school were broken, and that the landscape-painter of the future was free to go forward and seek inspiration from nature herself, untrammelled by superstitious veneration of the past?

How highly he thought of these two pictures may be gathered from the fact that he refused all offers of would-be purchasers, and at one time expressed his intention of having them buried with him as his winding-

sheet. Doubtless they represented to him his first really great achievement in the classical style, and his first full realisation of his own great powers of interpreting nature, unfettered by tradition.

Stories from the Latin and Greek poets furnished nominally the subjects of many of Turner's pictures for years to come—nominally, because the landscape is everything, and the incidents count for little in what is really a series of beautiful romances. Several of these were exhibited during this period at the British Institution—"Narcissus and Echo" in 1806 (R.A. in 1804), "The Goddess of Discord, etc." (N.G. 477) in 1806, "Jason" (N.G. 471) in 1808 (R.A. in 1802), "Apuleia in Search of Apuleius" (N.G. 495) in 1814; and at the Royal Academy—"Apollo killing the Python" (N.G. 488), "Mercury and Hersé," and "Chryses," all in 1811, "Hannibal crossing the Alps" (N.G. 490) in 1812, and "Dido and Æneas" (N.G. 494) in 1814.

Other "Classical" Pictures

In most of these pictures the colours have changed much, and a just idea can hardly be formed of what they were when they first left the artist's studio. But the longer they are examined the more the beholder is struck with the painter's daring power and subtlety of thought and meaning. There is always more in a picture of Turner's than is discovered at the first view. His whole keen mind was at work whilst he was painting, and his inner meaning is only to be arrived at by close study. To take one example only—"The Goddess of Discord, etc." (N.G. 477). Discord is taken by the

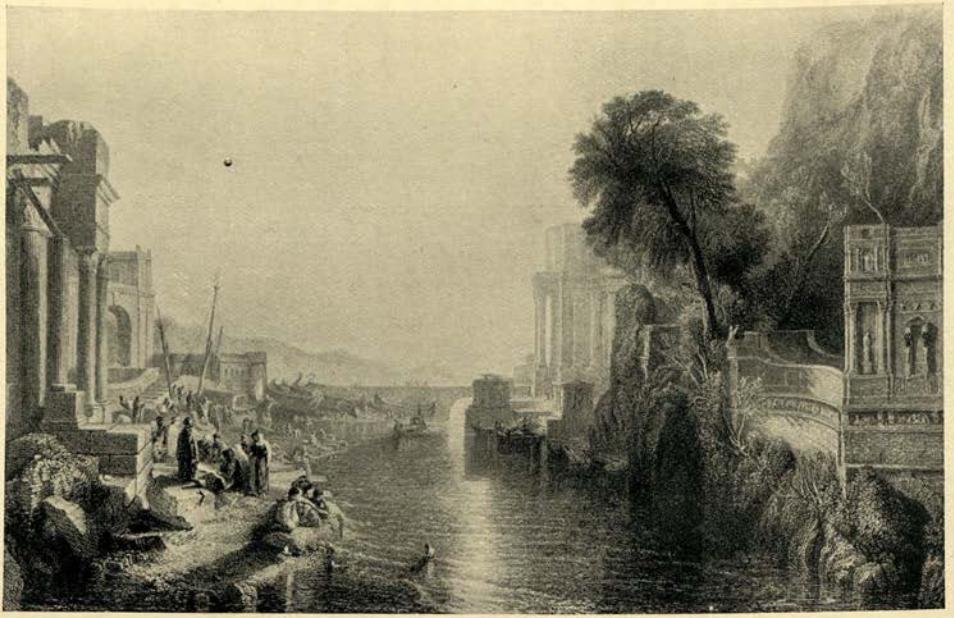
artist as the main idea pervading the whole picture, and he conveys it in every form and detail, from rocks and mountains grouped in lines and masses well-nigh chaotic, to the contorted trunks and roots of the trees, and the weird forms of the very weeds in the foreground. Protected by mountains and watched over by its dragon guardian, the Garden of the Hesperides was to the Greek mind as fair and perfect as the Garden of Eden to the Hebrew. But the mere presence of Discord throws a gloom over all, darkens its gleaming fountain, robs the flowers of their hues, and casts a blight on all the loveliness of the scene.

Turner's Sentiment

Such, in brief, seems to be the artist's meaning, and his treatment of this subject is a good example of the interweaving into his landscape of a moral sentiment, usually touched with melancholy or sadness. There is not one of Turner's paintings which is not impressed with some human feeling. Nature, in his mind, was linked with humanity. If he lights up his canvas with the gorgeous hues of sunset, the underlying thought is always of the mutability and decay of man and his works. Even in his happiest scenes there is a tinge of regret, a poetic strain of pensive feeling.

Turner took his classical stories from English translations, for of Latin he had little, of Greek none. Anything relating to Carthage and the Carthaginians appealed to him strangely. Was it, perchance, because he thought of them as descendants of the Phœnicians, the wor-

Carthaginian Sun-Worship



"Dido building Carthage" (p. 52).

shippers of the Sun-God? The sun to Turner was more than the source of light and heat. How he regarded it is thus expressed by Mr. Ruskin:—

"'The Sun is God,' said Turner, a few weeks before he died with the setting rays of it on his face. *He* meant it, as Zoroaster meant it; and was a Sun-worshipper of the old breed."

Was it by chance or design that Carthage was his constant theme; that, whenever possible, he brought the sun itself into his pictures; that he chose the Sun-God, Apollo, and his priest Chryses as subjects, and in his "Ulysses and Polyphemus" made Apollo and his chariot and horses visible, as the source of all the splendour of that scene of light and colour? Whether it be called reverence, worship, or merely an intense delight in, and feeling for, manifestations of light and colour, it is certain that Turner had a peculiar sentiment towards the sun, shared by no other of his time. If not a god to be worshipped in a religious sense, the sun was to him the one great force and influence in the universe. Had Turner then no other religion? He made no professions, for he was a shy, uncommunicative man, especially in matters about which he felt deeply; but, whatever his faith, all his works reveal what Wordsworth calls a "natural piety"—a reverence for all God's works, and a love for and sympathy with man. His pictures seem to breathe a perpetual "Benedicite, omnia opera." He bids "all ye His works, bless the Lord"—sun and moon, winter and summer, dews and frosts, light and darkness, mountains and hills, seas

and floods—re-created in beauty and grandeur by his reverent genius.

To return to the pictures of this period, 1805 to 1815. Those which may be grouped as classical romances, as well as some others which might be distinguished as natural, have been noticed above. Amongst the latter may be placed the representations of country-seats, such as the views of Tabley, Lowther Castle, and Petworth (R.A. 1809 and 1810). Indeed, all the paintings which Turner exhibited at the R.A. between 1805 and 1811 were (with the exception of a few figure-subjects) views taken from nature, each suffused with some one of those atmospheric effects in which he delighted.

Pictures of Nature

Nature is never uninteresting, but there are hours in which she reveals herself in unusual and unexpected loveliness, splendour, or grandeur. Turner was swift to seize upon the brief visions granted in such hours. To his poetic imagination, Nature chiefly appealed in her exalted moods—moods which the careless observer does not recognise when he sees them reproduced on canvas, and therefore pronounces the picture unnatural or exaggerated.

Two other classes of subject painted by Turner may here be alluded to briefly—Scriptural and patriotic. Both evidently stirred his feelings deeply, but in neither did he achieve great results. There are limitations to the powers of even the greatest genius. When employed in the interpretation of views taken directly

from nature, Turner's imagination produced visions of supreme beauty and truth. The same imagination, aided by memory of things seen, enabled him in his studio to paint scenes of marvellous splendour and power, even though fidelity was sometimes disregarded. But the same imagination, when memory could afford no aid, as in Scriptural and patriotic subjects, often missed its mark, and all the resources of his art were helpless to redeem its shortcomings.

Patriotic Pictures

Many examples of such subjects are to be seen in the National Gallery:—"The Tenth Plague of Egypt" (R.A. 1802, N.G. 470), "The Destruction of Sodom," painted in 1805 (N.G. 474), "The Deluge" (R.A. 1813, N.G. 493), and other Scriptural subjects of later date; "The Death of Nelson" (British Institution 1808, N.G. 480), and "The Field of Waterloo" (R.A. 1818, N.G. 500). "The Battle of Trafalgar," painted about 1808—to be seen at Greenwich Hospital—was sharply criticised by sailors who had been present at the action; but, whatever the mistakes as to nautical details in this picture and in "The Death of Nelson," no one can stand before them without recognising the painter's power and the pre-eminence of his scheme of colouring.

From his boyhood to the fortieth year of his life, Turner's solicitude and sympathies were with his native land in her great contest with France. Battles, and rumours of battles, formed the one absorbing subject of men's thoughts and conversation, in which the artist would have his full share. It is characteristic of the

bent of his mind that, of all the aspects of war, its tragedy appealed to him most.

Although it is nowhere stated that Turner paid a visit to the Continent during the suspension of the war in 1814, the subjects of four of the pictures which he exhibited at the R.A. in 1815 seem to show that he did so. Three of these were Swiss subjects and one Italian. This last year (1815) of the period dealt with in the present chapter was remarkable, even in such a career as Turner's, for its achievements. To have painted three such masterly pictures (to say nothing of the five others exhibited) as "Crossing the Brook," "Dido building Carthage," and "Bligh Sand," differing in style, subject, and treatment, was a rare proof of the artist's versatility and command over his craft. Had he never painted another before or afterwards, his fame might rest securely on these three alone.

A Remarkable Year

"Dido building Carthage" stands by itself, distinct amongst others of the period, and is prophetic of what the next two periods were to produce. It is simply a masterpiece, marking the crowning-point of the painter's work up to his fortieth year.

CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

Professor of Perspective—Turner's homes—Mr. Trimmer's reminiscences—Sandycombe Lodge—Personal details—An offer of marriage?—Life at Farnley Hall—Mr. Fawkes's reminiscences—The storm—"Hawkey"—Mr. Redding's reminiscences—Turner in Devonshire—Petworth and Lord Egremont.

CERTAIN incidents in the artist's life, and some valuable reminiscences of friends relating to this period, must be noticed before we pass on.

In 1808 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy. In this office he took great pride, and bestowed endless care and trouble on the production of large water-colour drawings illustrating his lectures. Halting as his language might be in explanations, these drawings alone could not fail to be of immense help to any intelligent student. To the average intellect they would be all the more helpful, because his ingenuity presented in them a system of perspective treated without mathematics, and one which would be sufficiently serviceable to any artist who was not working at architecture pure and simple.

From 1808 to 1811 two addresses are given after his name in the Catalogue—West End, Upper Mall,

Hammersmith, as well as 64 Harley Street. In 1812 he moved to 47 Queen Anne Street West, the house which was his central home to the end of his life, and one room of which formed the celebrated "Turner Gallery." But Turner could never rest contented with one home. He must have a second, to which he could retreat as a refuge from interruption when he was at work. In 1813 he bought a small place, Solus Lodge, at Twickenham, near Richmond Bridge, which he pulled down the year following, and built a house on the site from his own designs, to which he gave the name of Sandycombe Lodge.

Turner's Homes

Doubtless his object was to keep in closer touch with nature, and especially those reaches of the Thames beside which he had spent many a day in early life. It is certain that he passed much of his time painting out of doors—sometimes on large canvases in his boat, at other times from points to which he would drive in his pony-chaise. Many a mile did his old pony take him on these sketching-tours, "climbing hills like a cat," as he said, "and never getting tired."

It was whilst living at Twickenham that Turner made the acquaintance of Mr. Trimmer, the Vicar of Heston, near Brentford—an acquaintance which developed into a close intimacy and a genuine friendship. Many most interesting stories of this period of the artist's life were supplied by the vicar's son, the Rev. H. S. Trimmer, to Mr. Thornbury. Mr. Thornbury was fortunate in securing information "founded on letters and papers

furnished by his (Turner's) friends and fellow-Academicians." Nothing further can be expected now from these sources; but, by sifting and re-arranging the materials so gathered by Mr. Thornbury, it is still possible to bring together a series of facts and incidents which help us to realise what manner of man the artist was. None are more intimate and more interesting than those contributed by the Rev. H. S. Trimmer. Next in importance are the narratives of Mr. Fawkes, son of the old Squire of Farnley Hall, and of a casual fellow-traveller in the West of England, Mr. Cyrus Redding, all referring to this period. Turner's relations to his fellow-artists will claim a separate chapter.

Speaking of Sandycombe Lodge, Mr. Trimmer says:—"Here he had a long strip of land, planted by him so thickly with willows that his father, who delighted in the garden, complained that it was a mere osier bed. Turner used to refresh his eye with the run of the boughs from his sitting-room windows. At the end of his garden was a square pond—I rather think he dug it himself—into which he put the fish he caught. The surface was covered with water-lilies. I have been out fishing with him on the Old Brent, with a can to catch trout for this preserve, but the fish always disappeared. At last he discovered that a jack was in the pond. When a child, I have been out fly-fishing with him on the Thames. He insisted on my taking the fish, which he strung on some grass through the gills, and seemed to take more pleasure in giving me the

Life at Sandycombe Lodge

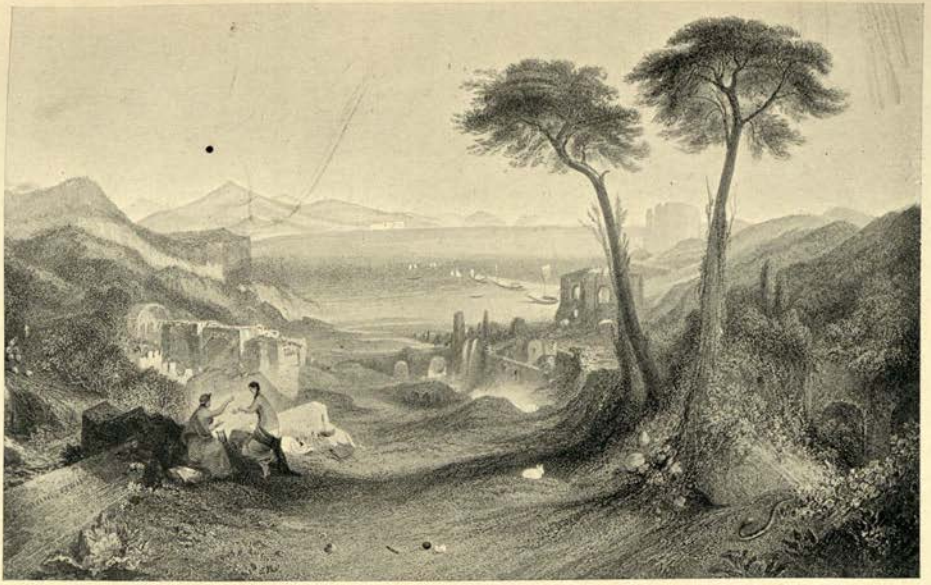
fish than in taking them. These little incidents mark character. He threw a fly in first-rate style, and it bespeaks the sportsman whenever the rod is introduced into his pictures.

"He had a boat at Richmond, and I have seen him start on his sketching expeditions. From his boat he painted on a large canvas direct from nature. Till you have seen these sketches you know nothing of Turner's powers. In my judgment these are among his very finest productions; no retouching, everything firmly in its place. If the subject had been photographed, there would have been greater exactitude, but Turner would have carried the bell in elevation of sentiment and mind.

"Besides his boat, he had a gig and an old horse; an old crop-eared bay horse, or rather a cross between a horse and a pony. In this gig he used to drive out sketching, and take my father and myself with him. We went, I remember, a very steady pace, for Turner painted much faster than he drove. He used to say, if when out sketching you felt at a loss, you had only to turn round or walk a few paces farther, and you had what you wanted before you.

Old "Crop-ear"

"He has immortalised his old Crop-ear in his 'Frosty Morning.' There are two horses, but they are both taken from Crop-ear. The 'Frost Piece' was one of his favourites. Once he talked of giving it to my father, who greatly prized it. He said he was travelling by coach in Yorkshire, and sketched it *en route.* There is a stage-coach in the distance that he was on



"The Bay of Baiæ" (p. 80).

at the time. My father told me that when at Somerset House (R.A.) it was much brighter and made a great sensation.

"I have dined with him at Sandycombe Lodge, when my father happened to drop in too, in the middle of the day I have also dined with him in Queen Anne Street, where everything was of the same homely description. I should say he never altered his style of living from his first start in Maiden Lane; not that I think him censurable for preferring the frugal meals of past times. You were welcome to what he had, and if it was near his dinner-time he always pressed us to stay, and brought out cake and wine; the cake he would good-naturedly stuff into my pocket."

Mr. Henry Howard, R.A., was a frequent visitor at Heston at this time, and often disputed with Turner on artistic questions. At one time he was maintaining that artists should paint for the public, and it is interesting to note that Turner took the opposite view warmly, asserting "that public opinion was not worth a rush, that one should paint only for judges, and that no one but an artist can judge of the difficulties of painting and consequently of the merits of a picture."

Worth of Public Opinion

The elder Mr. Trimmer was an amateur painter, and Turner undertook to give him lessons in art in return for lessons in Latin, but the amateur gained more than the artist by this arrangement. Turner was too old, or could not spare the time, to master the rudiments of Latin.

J. M. W. Turner

"Once when walking out with him," says Mr. Trimmer the son, "I asked him his favourite colour; he said '*Yellow,* for pictures wanted colour.' In his walks, painting was seldom from his thoughts; he would point to a piece of moss or a weed growing out of a wall, and observe, '*That is pretty.*' He made his observations in a low voice, or rather half made them, leaving your suggestive faculty to supply the rest."

"At first sight, Turner gave one the impression of a mean-looking little man. But all this wore off. To be appreciated he required to be known. Though not polished, he was not vulgar. In common with many men of genius he had not a good flow of words, and when heated in argument got confused. He was rather taciturn than talkative. His hair was dark-brown, bordering on black, and his complexion sallow."

Personal Details

One of Mr. Trimmer's last assertions, "I rather think he (Turner) was much smitten by a sister of my mother's," seems to be founded on the following letter addressed to his father:—

"TUESDAY, *August 1st,* 1815,
QUEEN ANNE STREET.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I lament that all hope of the pleasure of seeing you, or getting to Heston, must for the present probably vanish. My father told me on Saturday last, when I was, as usual, compelled to return to town the same day, that you and Mrs. Trimmer would leave Heston for Suffolk as to-morrow, Wednesday. In the first place, I am glad to hear that her health is so far established as to be equal to the journey, and to

give me your utmost hope for her benefiting by the sea-air being fully realized; 'twill give me great pleasure to hear, and the earlier the better.

"After next Tuesday, if you have a moment's time to spare, a line will reach me at Farnley Hall, near Otley, Yorkshire, and for some time, as Mr. Fawkes talks of keeping me in the North by a trip to the Lakes, and until November. Therefore I suspect I am not to see Sandycombe. Sandycombe sounds just now in my ears as an act of folly, when I reflect how little I have been able to be there this year, and less chance (perhaps) for the next. In looking forward to a Continental excursion, and poor Daddy seems as much plagued with weeds as I am with disappointment—that if Miss —— would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead of expecting one, the same might change occupiers; but not to trouble you further, allow me, with most sincere respect to Mrs. Trimmer and family, to consider myself,

Was it an Offer?

"Yours most truly obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

The letter is characteristic, but, in spite of involved sentences, its meaning is clear enough. He finds he cannot spend time at Sandycombe, regrets having built it, and wishes, in his comical way, that Miss ——, who perhaps had expressed a liking for the house, would make him an offer for it, when "the same might change occupiers." How the words can be supposed to refer to an offer of marriage, and how a second disappointment in love is to be inferred from them, is difficult to conceive. Yet such is the interpretation put on them by Mr. Thornbury and others.

The Farnley Hall to which Turner in the above letter says he is going, has already been mentioned. It is a fine old country-seat of the time of Charles I., overlooking the river Wharfe and the grand Yorkshire scaurs (hills). Its owner was Turner's firm friend from the first morning (in 1802) when he found him outside making a drawing of his house. The son, Mr. W. Hawkesworth Fawkes, had many happy recollections of Turner about this period, some of which may be given in his own words:—

Life at Farnley Hall

"When Turner was so much here in my father's life-time I was but a boy, and not of an age to appreciate or interest myself in the workings of his mind or pencil. My recollection of him in those days refers to the fun, frolic, and shooting we enjoyed together, and which, whatever may be said by others of his temper and disposition, have proved to me that he was, in his hours of distraction from his professional labours, as kindly-minded a man and as capable of enjoyment and fun of all kinds as any man that I ever knew.

"Though often invited, Turner never came here after my father's death, and as I have seldom gone to London, our meetings, since I had learned his value, had been few and far between. But up to the last time that I saw him, about a year before his death, he was always the same to me that I had known him in my boyhood, always addressed me by my boy-name (Hawkey), and seemed ever anxious to express in his kindness to me his attachment to my father and still glowing recollections of his 'auld lang syne' here."

"Hawkey" and the Storm

One incident related by Mr. Fawkes gives us a vivid insight into the workings of the artist's mind in the composition of his pictures:—

Turner and the Storm

"One stormy day at Farnley Turner called to me loudly from the doorway, 'Hawkey! Hawkey! come here—come here! Look at this thunder-storm! Isn't it grand? Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it sublime?'

"All this time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some better drawing-block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed—he was entranced. There was the storm rolling and sweeping and shafting out its lightning over the Yorkshire hills. Presently the storm passed and he finished. 'There,' said he, 'Hawkey, in two years you will see this again, and call it 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps.'"

This must have happened in the early autumn of 1810, and the subject of "Hannibal Crossing the Alps" must have already occupied the artist's thoughts. It needed only the sight of the storm to bring before his imagination a clear vision of the whole scene. The picture was exhibited in 1812, and "Hawkey" records that he was in London, and that Turner took him off to view it.

No days in Turner's life were so happy as those spent, year after year from 1803 to 1820, at Farnley Hall. Fishing, shooting, musing, and painting occupied the hours as they passed, in the society of those who cared for him and for whom he had a real affection.

How happy he was is shown in his own language, in the numerous water-colours which he painted for his friend. Paintings of birds, shot by himself or others; paintings of the house and its rooms, porch, gardens, gateway, and groups of trees, happy memorials of happy days, still hang on the walls of Farnley Hall.

Happy Days

Mr. Fawkes gives one or two later glimpses of Turner which may be set down here. He was driving over the Simplon Pass (perhaps in 1828), when he suddenly came upon the artist, on foot, alone, and with no other luggage than a large faded umbrella.

On another occasion, when he went on a visit to London, he took with him the Rhine water-colours, which his father had bought, to show "*Hawkey*" Turner. At the sight of one, which was a special favourite of the father's, the old artist, with tears in his eyes, could only utter, "But Hawkey! but Hawkey!" recalling the happy Yorkshire days that were no more.

"Hawkey" never forgot his old friend, and yearly called himself to his mind by sending him at Christmas a magnificent Yorkshire goose-pie, as well as frequent presents of game, for all which Turner was careful to express his thanks by letter. The whole episode of Farnley Hall and its friendships is touching, and one on which it is tempting to linger, but we must pass on.

It was in 1812 that Turner paid the visit to Devonshire of which Mr. Cyrus Redding in his autobiography gives us most picturesque glimpses. Everywhere he

was received with "admiring hospitality," and made much of as England's great landscape-painter. Boats and horses were placed at his disposal, and every house was open to him.

Mr. Redding's first impressions are thus recorded:— "The unprepossessing exterior, the reserve, the austerity of language existed in Turner in combination with a powerful, intelligent, reflective mind, ever coiled up within itself. He had a faculty of vision that seemed to penetrate the sources of natural effect, however various in aspect, and to store them in memory with wonderful felicity. His glance commanded in an instant all that was novel in scenery, and a few outlines on paper recorded it, unintelligibly to others. He placed these pictorial memoranda upon millboard, not larger than a sheet of letter-paper, quite a confused mass. How he worked out the details from such sketches seemed to me wonderful. His first sketches showed little of the after-picture to the unpractised eye. Perhaps he bore much away in memory, and these were only a kind of shorthand, which he deciphered in his studio." *Turner in Devonshire*

"I was one of a picnic party of eight or nine ladies and gentlemen, which he gave in excellent taste at Mount Edgcumbe—never was there more social pleasure partaken of by any party in that English Eden. Turner was exceedingly agreeable, for one whose language was more epigrammatic and terse than complimentary upon most occasions. He showed the ladies some sketches in oil, which he had brought with him. There we spent

a good part of a fine summer's day, and the remembrance was not obliterated from Turner's mind long years afterwards. Cold meats, shell-fish, and good wines abounded. My opinion is that this great artist always understood the occasion, and was prepared to meet it as any other individual would do. . . . Suddenly a battery of twenty-four pounders opened only four or five feet above our heads. I was startled by the shock, but Turner was unmoved. We were neither of us prepared for the concussion, but he showed none of the surprise which I betrayed, being as unmoved at the sudden noise and involvement in the smoke as if nothing had happened."

Turner's Nerve

Mr. Redding was Turner's companion for many days exploring the country around Plymouth. One night they spent in luxury, on Lord Boringdon's invitation, at Lord Morley's house, Saltram; the next, in discomfort enough, at a poor little inn, which afforded no beds, near the wear-head of the Tamar. Turner made himself as happy in the one as in the other. After a supper on bread and cheese and beer, afterwards supplemented by eggs and bacon, the pair sat up talking till midnight, when "Turner leaned his elbow upon the table, and, putting his feet upon a second chair, took a position sufficiently easy, and fell asleep.

"Before six o'clock in the morning he rose and went down towards the bridge. The air was balmy; the strong light between the hills, the dark umbrage and the flashing water presented a beautiful early scene. Turner sketched the bridge, but appeared, from changing

"Norham Castle" (p. 93).

his position several times, as if he had tried more than one sketch, or could not please himself as to the best point. I saw that bridge and part of the scene afterwards in a painting in his gallery.

Sketching from Nature

"On looking at some of the wonderful works of this artist painted a little subsequently, I perceived that several were composed of bits of scenery we had visited in company. He told me afterwards in London that, if I would look into his gallery, I should see a picture ['Crossing the Brook'] some of the features of which I could not fail to recognise. I went accordingly, and traced three distinct snatches of scenery on the River Tamar, especially a spot near Newbridge. The headlands of Plymouth closed the distance twelve miles off."

If it were only for this little bit of information about the "Crossing the Brook," it would be worth while to quote many pages of Mr. Redding's narrative; but the greatest service he has rendered is the enabling us to see, through his eyes, the actual man; to learn, from his gossip, how the artist bore himself; and to form some idea from his actual reported words, of Turner's attitude towards his companions and towards what he saw. The actual words are few but characteristic. When others were loud in their expressions of admiration of Stubbs's picture at Saltram, "Phaeton and the Horses of the Sun," Turner's appreciation was summed up in the monosyllable "Fine!"

Again, one day near Cothele, Turner, taken up with the views, wandered on over impassable places, so that,

following him in a gig, his companions "were obliged to take out the horse, and lift the vehicle over the hedge by main strength. On doing this and getting upon the hedge, there burst upon the view a noble expanse of scenery. Here the artist became busy at once, but only for a short time. 'Now,' said he, 'we shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till sundown; because we can't. Let us go home.'"

A discussion had arisen between Turner and an amateur, an officer named Demaria, in which the former had maintained that after sunset, under the hills, the port-holes of a man-of-war would be undistinguishable.

"We can only take what we see"

When the sun had set and the shadows had become very deep, Demaria, pointing to a seventy-four lying under Saltash, said, "You were right, Mr. Turner, the ports cannot be seen; the ship is one dark mass."

"I told you so," said Turner; "now you see it all is one mass of shade."

"Yes, I see that is the truth, and yet the ports are there."

"We can only take what we see," replied Turner, "no matter what is there. There are people in the ship, but we don't see them through the planks."

One of Turner's good hosts at Plymouth was Mr. John Collier, afterwards M.P. for the town, the father of the late judge, Lord Monkswell (an amateur landscape-painter of considerable ability), and grandfather of the artist, The Honourable John Collier.

That Turner was not insensible to the attentions

shown him, Mr. Redding testifies in this final quotation:—"Many years afterwards he spoke to me in London of the reception he met with on this tour in a strain that exhibited his possession of a mind not unsusceptible or forgetful of kindnesses."

No account of Turner's life would be complete without some notice of the happy times which he spent at Petworth House, and the kindly relations which existed between him and its owner, Lord Egremont, from his first visit in 1809 to the last in 1837, the year of Lord Egremont's death. At Petworth the artist was an honoured guest and felt himself at home. Lord Egremont was a great lover of art, and delighted in the company of artists. His galleries at Petworth[1] were filled with magnificent works of art. Besides pictures by foreign masters, he formed a fine collection of the works of English painters, amongst which those by Turner are not the least remarkable. Many of them are scenes taken from Petworth Park and the neighbourhood, others from the Thames at Eton and Windsor; whilst others are sea-pictures. They are mostly painted in Turner's earlier style, before his visits to Italy, and are highly finished, full of carefully-painted details, delicate in colour, and inspired with poetic sentiment.

Turner's friends, the Academicians Chantrey and Jones, were often his fellow-guests at Petworth, where they seem to have had merry times. Their days were spent in sketching, fishing, and walking or driving to

[1] These galleries, by the generosity of Lord Leconfield, are open to visitors on Tuesdays and Thursdays at certain hours. *O si sic omnes.*

places of interest, and their evenings in genial talk or disputations with their host. Some amusing stories are told of the peer and artist, who were both obstinate in their opinions, and persisted in them till one or the other was proved to be in the wrong.

Once it was a question about the number of windows in the front of a neighbouring house. The peer asserted there were seven, the artist persisted that there were only six; a carriage was ordered, and they drove off to the house to find that the artist, after all, was wrong.

At another time the dispute was whether carrots floated in water or not. The artist affirmed they did, the peer insisted they did not, and neither was satisfied till a bucket of water and carrots were brought into the room, when, sure enough, the carrots floated and the peer was wrong. But he had not had the advantage of being brought up close to Covent Garden Market.

Two obstinate men they might be, but they were men who understood and valued each other's genuine character, and were bound to each other by a sincere feeling of friendship.

Many glimpses are to be obtained of Turner during his visits to Petworth. The spot most closely associated with him, and where we seem to see him still, is the lovely little lake in the park, where he would sit fishing patiently hour after hour, visited from time to time by some shy bird or timid deer.

CHAPTER VII.

NOON PROLONGED.

[1815-25: ÆTAT. XL.-L.]

A transition stage—From chiaroscurist to colourist—Visits to Italy—"The Bay of Baiæ"—Verdict of artists—"Splendide mendax."

FROM the age of forty to fifty is usually the period in the life of an artist when his creative power and technical skill reach their highest point. If Turner's paintings in oil alone are taken into account, that power and skill in his case would seem rather to have been failing during this decade, until towards its close. But, as will be shown in the following chapter, it was a period in which his energies were directed to the production of water-colour drawings for the engravers in such numbers as to interfere seriously, perhaps, with his work on large pictures. Not only had he to complete the numerous drawings for each series, but he had also to make many journeys in search of the subjects demanded.

There was probably another and more weighty reason for the paucity of his oil-paintings during this decade. It is evident, from a comparison of the pictures exhibited in 1815 with his previous work, that he

was passing through a phase of transition in his art, tokens of which are shown in those painted from that year up to 1822. These betray signs of hesitation and an apparent lack of interest which are unaccountable, so foreign are they to Turner's attitude hitherto towards his art. It almost seems as though the conjecture that some blight affected him at this time must be well-founded.

Transition Stage

Two pictures of "The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius in the Island of Ægina" were exhibited by him at the R.A. in 1816. These were painted from sketches taken on the spot by an amateur. To artists of the present day it must seem strange that a master, such as Turner was, should condescend to paint a picture of a subject he had never seen from another man's sketch, but it was no unusual practice amongst artists of his time. Turner was not too proud to make drawings from *camera obscura* sketches for Hakewell's *Tour of Italy*, or from sketches supplied by various amateurs for his illustrations of Finden's Bible, Byron's works, etc. Nowadays a landscape-painter would take advantage of modern facilities in travelling, hurry off to the place itself, and make his own studies.

"The Decline of Carthage," his one picture of the year 1817, was, in all respects, inferior to the "Dido" of 1815, and the pictures exhibited in the five following years added little to his fame. The best of them were two marine subjects, "Dort or Dordrecht" (R.A. 1818), which was a favourite of the artist's, and was bought by his friend

Pictures of Five Years, 1817-22

Mr. Fawkes; and the "Entrance to the Meuse" (R.A. 1819), now in the National Gallery (No. 501).

His visit to Italy in 1819 is supposed to have been the means of determining this transition-phase; for, although in each of the years 1820 and 1821 only one unimportant picture was exhibited, and not one in 1822, his splendid "Bay of Baiæ" (R.A. 1823) reveals the profound impression which Italy had made on him, and the great change which that impression had wrought on his whole conception of style and colouring.

It has been well remarked that these years mark a pause in Turner's artistic career, a pause during which he developed from a chiaroscurist to a colourist. In "The Bay of Baiæ" (1823) he seems to revel in colour, whereas in such pictures as "Crossing the Brook" (1815) he confined himself to effects of light and shade (chiaroscuro), using few colours, and those subdued.

So quietly, even secretly, did Turner arrange his expeditions abroad, that possibly the only evidence of his having visited foreign parts in any particular year is to be found in his pictures. Although there is no record of his having been out of England in 1822, it is impossible to account for the production of "The Bay of Baiæ" in 1823, except by the supposition that he must have been in Italy in the previous year. The impulse to which this picture owes its origin has usually been attributed, as above, to his visit in 1819, but the more this theory is examined the more improbable it seems to be. No painting in any way to be compared with the picture of

Visits to Italy

1823 appeared in the interval. Only one Italian subject (and that purely architectural, in 1820) was exhibited by him in the four years intervening. It may therefore be regarded not only as probable, but almost certain, that the development of the artist's new style and manner, displayed in "The Bay of Baiæ," is to be assigned to a further unrecorded visit to Italy in 1822. Turner was not one to brood long without showing results. Some fresh impression must have inspired so complete a departure from his former practice.

"The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl,

'Waft me to sunny Baiæ's shore,'"

is the title and accompanying quotation in the R.A. catalogue for 1823. This is one of the pictures the effect of which, when first seen on the Academy walls, was so aptly described by a fellow-Academician: "It is as though a window had been opened in the wall." Brilliant as it is still, there is evidence that changes have taken place in the pigments used, by which the picture has suffered loss. It is a happy picture—a picture before which one may stand long, charmed with its magic effect. Criticism is hushed, and we delight in gazing on the beauty of the scene as much as the artist evidently delighted in painting it.

"The Bay of Baiæ"

What does it matter whether it is the Bay of Baiæ itself, or whether the view is as fabulous as the story of Apollo and the Sibyl with which the artist has linked it? He has put on canvas for us the dream of beauty

which Italy presented to his eyes; a vision to be received with frank delight and grateful enjoyment, which no carping criticism shall disturb.

Those who are content to admire and delight in Turner's painting, untroubled by adverse criticism, may be satisfied with the knowledge that their attitude is precisely that of all true artists, the only critics whose opinion need be regarded. No landscape-painter, especially, who has any claim to our confidence in his judgment, has ever been known to disparage Turner's work. On the contrary, artists declare that in presence of one of his pictures they can only admire, wonder, and learn. Doubtless they are conscious of inconsistencies, but they pass over them, and regard only the rare perfection and splendid results of his art.

Verdict of Artists

It is true that Turner's old friend, Mr. G. Jones, R.A., jokingly remonstrated with him on the topographical variations from the actual scene in "The Bay of Baiæ," and wrote on the frame "Splendide mendax."

To him the artist replied with good-tempered mirth: "All poets are liars, but it is all there;" meaning, perhaps, that every detail was to be found in Italy. So much amused was he by his friend's wit, that he never removed the "Splendide mendax" from the frame.

Apparently "The Bay of Baiæ" was a solitary effort which the artist was not yet prepared to follow up, for again in 1824 no painting of his was to be seen at the

R.A., and in the following year only one. This, it is true, was an important work, but in his old rather than his new manner. Its title was "The Harbour of Dieppe (Changement de Domicile)," and was thus described in the catalogue when it was sold at Christie's in 1854 to Mr. Naylor, of Liverpool, for 1850 guineas:—"An elaborate composition of numerous vessels, buildings, and figures, seen under the full glare of an afternoon's sun."

Busy as he is known to have been at this time with the engravers, it is probable that he was also still hesitating before yielding entirely to the fresh impulse which inspired the picture of 1823. But in 1826 he returns to oil-painting with full decision. There is to be no further pause, no interruption henceforth to his progress in the new regions of art, of which he was the discoverer.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK FOR THE ENGRAVER.

The "Liber Studiorum" and Claude's "Liber Veritatis"—Turner as a publisher—His influence on engraving—A new school of engravers—Series of engravings—Illustrations of books—A day in an artist's company—Sir Walter Scott—Samuel Rogers immortalised—Turner's vignettes—Thomas Campbell.

VOLUMES might be written about the engravings from Turner's drawings and studies. Merely to enumerate them would take up a large part of a book of this size, yet they are of such importance and interest, and formed such a special feature of the artist's work of each period, that they cannot be passed over in silence.

The "Liber Studiorum"

First in importance is the "Liber Studiorum," a series of studies illustrating the whole range of landscape-art, begun in 1807, and not concluded until 1819. The original drawings are to be seen in the basement of the National Gallery. The title was suggested by that of Claude's "Liber Veritatis."

Claude being troubled, even in his day, by the tricks of counterfeiters, made rough sketches of his pictures, and formed, for his own use, a book which he called "Liber Veritatis"—book of verification or identifica-

tion. Turner, using a similar licence in interpretation, called his series "Liber Studiorum"—book of studies. Neither his object nor his manner of carrying it out was the same as Claude's. His are no rough sketches of pictures completed, but finished drawings from nature, each taking its place in a definite plan.

Turner's original scheme, suggested by his friend W. F. Wells, was to classify the subjects as Historical, Pastoral, Elegant-Pastoral, Mountain, Marine, and Architectural—an arrangement only partially adhered to, and never fully carried out, for the venture was not a pecuniary success, and the series came to an end in 1819, before it was completed. The plates are of the same size as the drawings, which are carefully finished in sepia.

For diversity of subject and firmness and delicacy of treatment, these drawings will always be remarkable in the history of landscape-art. They may be regarded as a series of lessons to all landscape-painters. Whereas others are content to repeat one class of subject, painted in one manner, Turner, in these drawings, seems to exult in the versatile power which enables him to represent every possible variety of landscape-subject, each in a manner that brings out distinctly its special features and individual character.

Seventy plates were issued, in numbers of five plates each; with one extra plate for frontispiece, as a gift from the artist. The subscription price for the whole was £17 10s.—that is, five shillings a plate. Twenty-five pounds have since been given for a single fine

proof, and as much as £3000 for a fine complete set.

There is little doubt that the lack of pecuniary success was due to the fact that Turner undertook the publishing himself. The plates were printed on somewhat inferior paper; the numbers sent out at irregular intervals, stitched in a cover of dark-blue paper. Got up by the artist himself, with no better help than such as a maid-servant (who is said to have stolen many proofs) could give him, the numbers were issued in a not very attractive form. Moreover, Turner had difficulties with the print-sellers, to whom he would not allow the usual high scale of profits; difficulties with subscribers, accounts, engravers. Of these last he employed several; and, besides, etched many of the plates himself.

Turner as a Publisher

All the distinguishing qualities of Turner's art are as conspicuous in these and his other drawings for the engravers, and in the engravings themselves, as in his pictures. Perhaps the most striking of these qualities is the perfection of aerial perspective and receding distance, produced by the artist's use of those numerous delicately-graduated tones, from dark through every shade to white, which he was the first to employ.

It is fortunate that the whole of the original drawings of the "Liber Studiorum" are to be seen in the National Gallery. They are well worth study by all who wish to gain a knowledge of the artist's versatility, and of his power of expressing a scene by a few washes of sepia. If the same amount of study is bestowed on the

engravings, some idea of Turner's skill in this branch of art also will be conceived, for, by etching and retouching, he had a large share in the results obtained.

Turner's Influence on Engraving

Indeed his influence on the art of engraving was only less than on that of painting in water-colours. In both he brought about changes, which revolutionised the whole method of each, and produced results undreamed of in former days. Before his time engraving was mostly limited to line-engraving (first on plates of copper and afterwards of steel) and woodcuts. Etching and mezzotint[1] were employed, but not extensively, and it was by these latter processes that Turner accomplished what he aimed at. Of etching and mezzotint, Mr. Hamerton, a recognised authority on the subject, writes:—

"These two kinds of engraving are the most opposite that can be imagined, and therefore the most naturally supplementary of each other. Etching depends on lines, mezzotint on shades. In etching the darks are drawn, and every touch is so much added darkness to the work. In mezzotint the dark is removed to make light, and every stroke is so much added lightness.

[1] Etching was invented by Albert Dürer about A.D. 1500, and was practised by most of the great artists after his time, amongst others by Titian, Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Claude. Mezzotint is said to owe its origin to Prince Rupert, but it was really discovered by Ludwig von Siegen, who produced the first mezzotint in 1642, and taught Prince Rupert his method. A full description of the processes employed in the different methods of engraving may be found in any good dictionary of science and art, such as that by Brande and Cox.

The faults of etching are too much hardness of line, and too little delicacy of distinction in shades."

Turner's influence on line-engraving was indirectly great. The art had already reached a high level of excellence, but to reproduce the delicate tones of his pictures to his satisfaction called forth the highest efforts of a school of line-engravers, unequalled before or since. Etching and mezzotint also owed much to him, and the employment of these two methods in combination was brought by him to the highest perfection.

A New School of Engravers

No one system of engraving, however, could render the numerous delicate gradations of tone, from dark to light, which distinguished Turner's landscapes from those of all other painters. Hence a new school of engravers was gradually formed, who, working under the artist's own continual direction and supervision, employed every process of engraving, applicable to metal, on the same plate, and by these means obtained the required results—results never before attained.

Turner's own share of the work was sometimes little, at other times considerable. With his rapid, certain touch he would etch the main lines, and leave the rest to the mezzotinter. But, whether he did the etching himself or not, he would go over the finished plate, lighting up parts and suggesting other improvements.

There is little doubt that the artist's chief reason for adopting this new composite method of engraving was, that he might obtain rapid results. He was always impatient of slow processes. His own work, whether

in painting or sketching, was done with swift precision, and he expected the same of the engravers. By the ordinary methods it was impossible to reproduce the peculiar qualities of his work. Moreover, they took so much time, that the engravings would not have paid when completed, and he intended they should pay.

Amongst other engravings published between 1810 and 1815 were views of Oxford in the *Oxford Almanac*, and the beginning of the fine series, Cooke's *Southern Coast*. For the next five-and-twenty years Turner's pencil and brush were continually occupied on drawings for the engraver. Twenty illustrations of Whittaker's *History of Richmondshire* appeared between 1819 and 1823. Eighteen plates, from drawings made by Turner from Hakewell's *camera obscura* sketches, were published by Murray in 1820, under the title of *Hakewell's Picturesque Tour of Italy*. In 1824 *The Rivers of England* (sixteen plates), *The Ports of England* (six plates), and *Views in Sussex* (six plates) were brought out. Ninety-nine plates of the magnificent *England and Wales* series came out at intervals from 1827 to 1833.

Engravings and Illustration of Books

Then came a host of other book illustrations, perhaps the most charming of all—illustrations of works by Sir Walter Scott, of Byron's, Milton's, and Campbell's poems, of Rogers's *Italy*, *Finden's Bible*, *The Keepsake*, etc., and those most beautiful and romantic representations of scenes on the rivers of France in *The Annual Tour*, 1833-4-5.

Besides these, a collection of twenty-four large

"Scarborough" (p. 93).

engravings of his most important paintings in oil were published by subscription from year to year, and over fifty single plates. Every noted engraver of the time had a share in the work, so that the plates are records not only of Turner's genius, but also of all that is best in the art of engraving in England during the first half of the nineteenth century.

No one who has not spent hours in studying these engravings can be said to be acquainted with half the power and versatility of England's great landscape-painter. By diligent inquiry and patient perseverance, access to most of them can be obtained at the British Museum. Those who are interested in seeing a fairly complete list should consult that drawn up by Mr. Stokes of Gray's Inn, which is printed in the Appendix of Mr. Thornbury's *Life of Turner*. It would be within the mark to say that over a thousand engravings have been made from Turner's pictures and drawings. The original drawings are scattered far and wide, but, happily, most of the engravings exist in the National collections. Strange as it may seem, it was to these, and not to his great paintings, that the artist owed the larger part of the fortune which he made in his long life.

Not the least important result of Turner's undertaking these various groups of engravings was, that in carrying them out, he wandered over England, Wales, Scotland, and France, making studies in water-colour wherever he went, thus keeping in constant touch with nature. Unfortunately there are no letters of his, no diary, and scarcely a note made by friend or acquaint-

ance from which it would be possible to follow him in his journeys, and, in imagination, spend a day or two in his company. It is known that his habits were extremely simple and his wants few; that he preferred walking to riding, talked little, and never lost an opportunity of making a sketch or finished drawing.

A Day in his Company

Those who, like the writer, have had the advantage of making such journeys with a landscape-painter, can to some extent fill in the picture. Up early, for the dewy morn is the most precious hour to the artist; perhaps a sketch, happily caught, of some misty or brilliant effect, before breakfasting at the little inn; the start on the day's march; every detail delightful to the eye, every sound sweet to the ear; some fresh view at each turn of the road; the midday rest in the shade, the brush perhaps busy all the time; the serious, silent work when the scene and mood demanded; all in a land where perpetual visions of beauty meet the eye, till the sun goes down, and another modest inn welcomes the travellers.

If to such reminiscences we add a conception of Turner's appearance, habits, and character, such as has been given in previous pages, thus realising in what company we are, we may form some idea of what a day's journey with him would have been like.

Another interesting feature in connection with his engravings, illustrating books, was that through them he was brought into personal contact with the authors of his day. In 1818 he visited Scotland to make draw-

ings for thirteen engravings illustrating *Provincial Antiquities,* by Sir Walter Scott. The author, with all his power of enjoying and describing the scenery of his own country, knew little of the art of painting, and expressed a wish that the book should be illustrated by John Thomson, of Duddingstone, a clergyman well known north of the Tweed as a landscape-painter. But, fortunately, he listened to the advice of his son-in-law, Lockhart, who declared to him that "the world has only one Turner." Even then Sir Walter yielded reluctantly, and only "because Turner was all the fashion." Nearer acquaintance with the artist and his work doubtless altered his opinion, for Turner again in 1830 was his guest, and the Wizard of the North accompanied the Art-Wizard of the South to many of the places of which the latter made drawings for engravings illustrating Sir Walter's *Poems*, and also an edition of his *Prose and Poetical Works.*

Sir Walter Scott

With Rogers also he became familiar, and often dined with him. Turner's vignettes illustrating Rogers's *Italy,* and also his complete *Poems,* are the most beautiful works of their kind that the world has ever seen. Rogers's graceful but trivial verses would long ago have been forgotten had not immortality been conferred on them by Turner's art. Horace's saying—

Rogers's Immortality

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,"

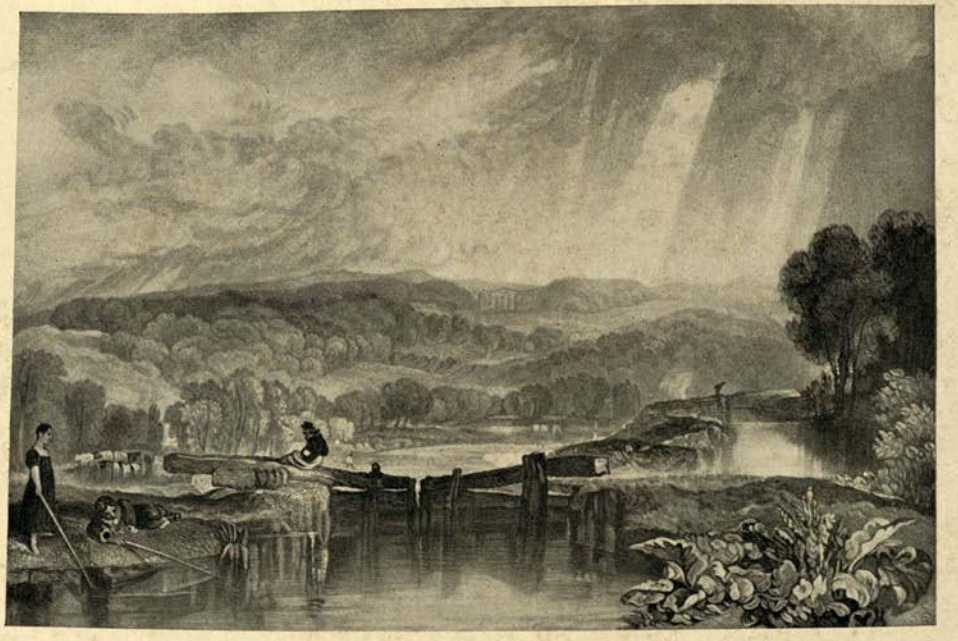
is reversed in their case. It is not the poet who immortalises the artist, but the artist the poet.

The vignettes illustrating Campbell's poems are hardly less remarkable, and as the book is more generally accessible than others, one plate may be noticed as an example of the marvellous delicacy and minuteness of Turner's work. It is a drawing of a Swiss scene, to be found on page 46 of Routledge's illustrated edition. In a plate measuring only three inches by two and a half, every feature of the country is represented. Less than two inches serve to carry the eye over fifty miles of space. To describe the delicate minuteness, combined with breadth of effect, of the drawing would be impossible. Unless the working out of the details is actually seen and examined, no one would credit that human sight and touch were fine enough to accomplish such results. All Turner's vignettes excite the same feeling of wonder and admiration. The view, moreover, seems to come out of nothing on the page, and in some magical way to grow into a picture as we look. Any one of them would be enough to prove that its author was a great artist.

Turner's Vignettes

Turner, who knew Campbell well, treated him very generously. After the plates were engraved, learning that Campbell's means were straitened, and that he would find a difficulty in paying for the drawings, the artist told him to send them back to him, and made no charge for the use of them.

As a rule, Turner's drawings for the engraver were highly finished both in form and colouring; but at times, as in several of the *Rivers of France* series, he



"More Park" (p. 93).

"Portsmouth" (p. 93).

would disregard truth of colour, merely indicating to the engraver the effect as it would appear in black and white. It is specially necessary to bear this in mind in judging of drawings in which he makes use of scarlet for shadow.

Four of the finished water-colours made for the engravers are reproduced here, "More Park, Colne," "Norham Castle," "Scarborough," and "Portsmouth." They are all to be seen in the basement of the National Gallery,[1] and will be found to be thoroughly representative of the rare beauty of the artist's water-colour painting, as well as of the delicate work that he did for the guidance of the engraver. In colouring and finish all these drawings are matchless, and there is a charm about them which must captivate those who are fortunate enough to see them.

[1] The *finished* water-colours at the National Gallery are divided into four sets, one set only being shown at a time. A fresh set is brought out on January 1st, April 1st, July 1st, and October 1st.

CHAPTER IX.

TURNER AND HIS FELLOW-ARTISTS.

Turner and the R.A.—The scarlet buoy—Turner and Constable—Haydon—Death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; of Chantrey; of Callcott—Turner's grief—Turner and Chantrey—Turner and young painters—His severest criticism—Turner's speech—"A lot of sticks"—"Turner's Gift."

RESERVED and even suspicious as Turner's attitude was to intrusive strangers, it was far different when he was amongst his fellow-Academicians. With them he was frank, genial, hearty, and full of brotherly kindness, as was fitting among that "band of brothers." The Royal Academy had been a true *alma mater* to him, and he was loyal to it to his heart's core. He was loyal to those in authority, loyal in the discharge of any duties that fell to his share, and loyal to every individual member. No one ever heard a word from him in disparagement of an Academician or his work, or indeed of any other artist or his painting.

Turner and the R. A.

His influence at the Council meetings was always exerted in maintaining harmony, and anything approaching strife distressed him. At every social gathering of Academicians Turner was present, and did his best to

foster that feeling of good-fellowship which he valued so highly.

Many were the little acts of kindness by which he would show this brotherly sentiment. Mr. Wilkie Collins tells how, when his father came for the last time to the Exhibition, suffering from disease of the heart, Turner was the first to offer him an arm and tenderly lead him in.

Nor was he slow to join in those jokes, verbal or practical, in which artists are wont to indulge with peculiar enjoyment. He could take a joke against himself as merrily as he would poke his fun at another. For a whole day he chuckled at intervals over Mulready's comparison of a cow in one of his landscapes to one of the little pigs of dough, with currants for eyes, sold to children in country shops.

Mr. Leslie, R.A., Constable's chief friend, in his Autobiographical Recollections, tells the story of one of Turner's practical jokes of which Constable was the victim:—"When Constable exhibited his 'Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea-piece by Turner was next to it ("Helvoetsluys, the *City of Utrecht*, 64, going to Sea")—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges.

The Scarlet Buoy

Turner stood behind him, looking from the 'Waterloo' to his own picture; then, putting a round daub of red-lead on his grey sea, he went away without a word. The intensity of the red-lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. 'He has been here,' said Constable, 'and fired a gun.' On the opposite wall was a picture by Jones, of 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego in the Furnace.' 'A coal,' said Cooper, 'has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea.' The great man did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy."

This incident has been misinterpreted to Turner's prejudice. Little sympathy as there was between the two landscape-painters, Turner was incapable of playing a spiteful trick on a brother-artist. It was such a joke as he and his best friends were wont to practise on each other, and such as artists of the time understood and enjoyed.

Turner and Constable

Another story told of the same two painters shows that there was no ill-feeling, if no great cordiality, between them. Constable was in difficulties with one of his pictures on a varnishing day. It did not satisfy him. Something was wanting, and he could not tell what. Turner happened to be passing, and Constable asked-

him to give him the benefit of the impression made on a fresh eye. After looking at the painting for a few moments, Turner took a brush and painted a long ripple on the water in the foreground, which, as Constable at once owned, supplied just what was wanting.

No story could be more interesting than this to admirers of the two great English landscape-painters. It is honourable to them both, and brings each *in propriâ personâ* before our eyes.

The date of the red-lead buoy story is given by Mr. Thornbury as 1822. It should be 1832, in which year Jones's "Fiery Furnace" picture and two sea-pictures by Turner were exhibited. Singularly enough, on the preceding page he had told an excellent story of an agreement between Jones and Turner to paint the same subject, "The Fiery Furnace," for the Exhibition of 1832, an agreement which they carried out, and each had a representation of the scene, painted in his own manner, in that year's Exhibition.

Turner's devotion to his *alma mater* is well illustrated by the account of his reception of the news of Haydon's suicide. Haydon's attacks on the Academy had excited his indignation, and when Maclise called on him to tell him of Haydon's fate, he could get no word out of him but "He stabbed his mother," repeated several times. And yet even to that ungrateful son of the Academy he had been so gentle and considerate, that Haydon himself owned "Turner behaved well and did me justice."

"He Stabbed his Mother"

Far different was the expression of his feelings on the death of other Academicians. At Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral, St. Paul's and the streets leading to it were enveloped in snow. "That's a fine subject for a picture," said the Academician (Wilkie) walking beside him; but Turner, displeased with the ill-timed remark, looked sorrowfully in another direction. The scene, however, impressed him, for he painted a view of it as his elegy of the dead President, and exhibited it, in memory of him, at the R.A. that year.

His grief was genuine for the loss of his friends of the Academy. "I well remember," says Mr. Jones, "the morning after Chantrey's death (in 1841), that he came to the house of our deceased friend; he asked for me, and I went to him. He wrung my hand, tears streaming from his eyes, and rushed from the house without uttering a word."

On the morning when he received the news of Callcott's death (in 1844), a young artist called on him by appointment to see his pictures. Turner was restless, clutching a letter in his hand. At last he exclaimed, "You *must* excuse me, I cannot stay another moment; the letter I hold in my hand has just been given to me, and it announces the death of my friend Callcott." Then, his fine grey eyes filling with tears, he disappeared.

There is no more touching instance of close friendship between artists than that which existed for so many years between Turner and Chantrey. Their affection for, and admiration of each other were con-

stantly shown in word and action, and when in each other's company they were as merry and full of fun as two schoolboys. Chantrey never tired of playing jokes on his friend—jokes which the landscape-painter enjoyed as much as the sculptor. One instance may be given to show their genial relations towards each other. Chantrey, on one cold varnishing day, went up to a brilliant picture of Turner's, and spreading out his hands as if in the act of warming them, called out: "Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By-the-bye, is it true that you have got a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?" Turner's reply is not reported, but it was evident that he relished the joke and chuckled over it.

Turner and Chantrey

Every great artist takes pleasure in encouraging younger men who show signs of genius. Turner made it his special care that merit in a young artist should not be passed over at the R.A., as he proved in the case of young Bird, mentioned in the next chapter. By many little acts and signs he would mark his recognition of rising talent.

When David Roberts, R.A., exhibited his first picture (the front of Rouen Cathedral) at the R.A., Turner, who had before drawn the subject himself and knew its difficulties, took Sir William Allan to look at it, and remarked, "Here is a man we must have our eye upon."

Turner and Young Painters

Again, when Mr. Hart, R.A., was a young man, a picture of his, "Galileo in the Dungeon of the

Inquisition," was hung at the R.A. After looking at it for some time, Turner took a brush and drew several concentric circles on the bare wall of the prison; thus not only showing his appreciation of the young painter's work, but also adding a fresh and powerful point of interest to the picture, and, as the young painter owned, twenty guineas to its value.

Enough has been said to show how generously Turner felt and acted in his relation to his fellow-artists. No trace of petty jealousy, no word of disparagement can be laid to his charge. On the contrary, he never failed to show and express warm appreciation of good work, and was always the genial, hearty, and true comrade.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., in his *Reminiscences*, tells several interesting stories of Turner, which confirm what has been stated above, especially as regards the kindness and consideration that he never failed to show to younger artists. Two or three sentences from Mr. Frith's book must be quoted.

"It is perfectly well known that the severest criticism Turner was ever heard to make was upon the landscape of a brother-Academician, whose works sometimes showed signs of weakness. Turner joined a group who were discussing a certain picture's shortcomings, and after hearing much unpleasant remark from which he dissented, he was forced to confess that a very bad passage in the picture, to which the malcontents drew his attention, '*was a poor bit.*'"

His Severest Criticism

A Speech

"Many a time I have benefited by his wonderful knowledge of light and shade; and, though I confess the drawing of the figures in his pictures is often funny enough, he was quick to see and point out errors in the action and drawing of mine, and more than once he has taken his brush and corrected a piece of fore-shortening that had mastered me."

Mr. Frith also reports from memory the only speech of Turner's which has been handed down to us. It was made at a dinner of Academicians and Associates at the close of one of the Exhibitions. Stammering, long pauses filled up by the cheers of the younger men, and bewildering mystery characterised the speech, but the sorry orator had a definite meaning to convey in his broken utterances. After referring to the ancient Romans and to their fighting in a phālanx, shoulder to shoulder, he alluded to Æsop's fable of the old man and the bundle of sticks, and wound up as follows:—

Turner's Speech

"Now you are wondering what I am driving at. I will tell you. Some of you young fellows will one day take our places and become members of this Academy. Well, you are a lot of sticks. (Loud laughter.) What on earth are you all laughing at? Don't like to be called sticks? Wait a bit. Well then, what do you say to being called ancient Romans? What I want you to understand is just this: never mind what anybody calls you. When you become members of this institution you must fight in a phalanx—no splits—no quarrelling—one mind—one object—the good of the Arts and the Royal Academy."

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If not eloquent in words, this one recorded speech is eloquent in devotion to the Royal Academy and loyalty to his fellow-artists—sentiments which were always uppermost in Turner's mind.

One thought was constantly present with him—how to befriend artists who had failed, or were worn out before being able to provide for their old age. In one of his early letters he speaks of the artist's calling as "a profession which requires more care, assiduity, and perseverance than any person can guarantee." Also he knew that even those qualities would not ensure that a man would be able to live by painting. Doubtless he had seen many instances of failure, and ensuing poverty.

"To Turner," as David Roberts says, "we owe the founding and carrying out of that admirable charity the *Artists' General Benevolent Fund.*" This was his first practical effort of relief. But, many years before his death, he had determined to devote all his earnings to the same purpose. His blood-relations, cousins only, were entire strangers to him. His fellow-artists were his true brothers, and were regarded by him as such.

"Turner's Gift"

As brothers they might accept help from him without loss of self-respect, and he proposed to call the homes which he should provide for them, *Turner's Gift*—not almshouses, not a charity, but a *gift* from a brother-artist's hands. Mr. Jones, R.A., specially says: "He did not like to call them almshouses, but had selected the denomination of 'Turner's Gift.'"

To an unprejudiced mind this would seem to be

another instance of delicate consideration of others' feelings on Turner's part; but those who have shown themselves determined to interpret everything Turner did to his discredit, adduce it as another example of his vanity and desire to perpetuate his own name.

No man could be more natural and unaffected than Turner was in his bearing to his fellow-artists. In their company his shyness disappeared, and his true nature revealed itself. Regarding himself as a servant of art, he looked upon them as fellow-servants towards whom he could not feel or show too much kindly affection. Many an incident in his life proved how genuine was his sympathy with men of his own profession, and it was natural that he should wish to give a practical proof of that sympathy at his death. Every artist would understand his motive in naming that proof "Turner's Gift," and would consider the "Gift" graced by the addition of the great-hearted donor's name.

CHAPTER X.

AFTERNOON.

[1825-35: ÆTAT. L.-LX.]

The "Cologne" picture—The wash of lampblack—Emerson's appreciation—Generosity to young painter—"We *must* find room"—"Now for the Painter"—"Mortlake Terrace," the black dog—Carthage again—"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus"—The fruits of neglect—Letters from Rome—"View of Orvieto," and other paintings—Death of his father—A blank in Turner's life—"Keep them together"—The "Classical" series—The "Italian" series—Pictures of 1831 and 1832—Turner's architecture—Italy herself—An inner meaning—Sea-pictures—Venice—Lake Avernus—Charm of the Italian series.

TURNER'S three pictures at the R.A. in the year 1826 were varied in subject, but all forceful in style and harmonious in colour. Of the three, the most remarkable was "Cologne: the Arrival of a Packet-boat—Evening." This is a picture which, both on account of its great beauty and of the touching incident connected with it, is of such singular interest that it should be accessible to all in one of our national collections. It was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, but since that time it has been hidden from public view. Some idea of the subject

and its treatment may be gathered from descriptions written at the time.

The Rhine is flowing gently under the walls of Cologne, scarcely rippled by the packet-boat as she makes her way past many a picturesque craft to the landing-stage. On the right are the walls of the city, their line broken by a tower and spire, with a higher tower beyond. Balks of timber and fishing-nets are reflected in the wet sand, on which also their shadows are cast by the low light of evening. Ruddy beams, that will presently fade, light up the sky. The sun is hidden by a cloud, from behind which the slanting rays strike on city, tower, and stream, while from the water's breast a glow strikes back into the cool violet shadows cast by the wall and spire, and fills them with reflected light.

The "Cologne" Picture

When this picture was sold at Christie's in 1854, to Mr. Naylor for two thousand guineas, it was thus described in the catalogue:—"Cologne, with boats full of figures on the Rhine; the tower of St. Martin's Church seen above the city walls; a glowing sunset diffusing a magical light over the whole composition."

These descriptions are given so that the reader may form a distinct image of the glowing colours and brilliant effect of the whole scene, and thus appreciate fully the extent of the sacrifice involved in an act of unparalleled generosity, connected with this particular picture. Hung at the R.A. Exhibition between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the painting, on

varnishing day, attracted every eye by the marvellous brilliancy of its colouring; a brilliancy which, by comparison, took all the colour out of Lawrence's pictures. To the astonishment of the Academicians, on the private-view day they found that all the radiance and glow of evening light had been darkened by a wash of water-colour. On their remonstrating with Turner, he quietly remarked:—"Oh! poor Lawrence was so unhappy. It's only lampblack. It'll all wash off after the Exhibition."

The Wash of Lamp-black

Emerson, in his "English Traits," quotes this story as an instance of the strange apparent contradictions to be found in the English character: the churlish outside concealing the generosity of heart beneath. Now Emerson was the chiaroscurist of literature, delighting in strong contrasts of light and shade, with a tendency to darken the shadow in order to heighten the effect of the light. Thus he takes the vulgar and mistaken estimate of Turner's character, in vogue at the time, for his dark shading, and, for his bright lights, adds: "Yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and colour as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countrymen creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English art, catching from their savage (!) climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of sunnier cities and skies; making an era in painting; and when he saw that the splendour of one of his pictures in the

Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own."

Another somewhat similar instance of Turner's generosity, of earlier date, should be placed beside this as a companion-story. Bird, when a young unknown painter, sent a picture to the R.A. which all the members of the Hanging Committee allowed to be worthy of a place, but no room could be found for it. Turner persistently declared that room must be found for it, but in vain. At length, after once more inspecting the painting and satisfying himself as to its merits, he made a final appeal, "We *must* find room for this young man's picture." Being still met with the reply that it was impossible, he went up to one of his own canvases, took it down, and hung Bird's in the space thus made available.

"We must find Room"

Of the five pictures exhibited by Turner at the R.A. in 1827, "Now for the Painter" and "Mortlake Terrace" have an interest attaching to them besides that due to their artistic qualities.

Stanfield was painting a picture, which he was unable to finish in time for the Exhibition of 1826, to which he had given the title "Throwing the Painter." Callcott, knowing this, for a joke named his picture of that year, "Dutch Fishing Boat missing the Painter." To cap the joke, Turner called his picture in the Exhibition of the following year, "Now for the Painter." Stanfield used the word "painter" in its nautical meaning (a particular rope); Callcott's "Missing the Painter" was a

pun, aimed in sport at Stanfield; and Turner, with evident enjoyment, added the finishing touch to the friendly banter. Even this bit of innocent *badinage* has been taken seriously, as though Turner meant that he, after all, was *the* painter. If such had been his meaning—which certainly it was not, for no artist was ever more appreciative of the merits of others compared with his own—the painting would have justified the boast.

"Now for the Painter"

It was one of his most powerful representations of the sea, rivalling "The Wreck of the *Minotaur*" in its expression of the power of the waves, and excelling that grand picture in the colour and transparency of the water.

In "Mortlake Terrace" there is a black dog standing up against the parapet, which is very effective as a means of throwing back the distance. It is said that this dog was put in by the artist as an experiment, after the picture was finished. At the moment he did not trouble to paint the dog, but cut it out of a piece of black paper and stuck it in its place. The effect satisfying him, he contented himself with varnishing his paper dog, and left it standing where it remains unaltered to this day.

"Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; or, the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire" (N.G. 506) was the title given by Turner to the most important of his four pictures at the R.A. in 1828. If this painting is compared with "The Decline of Carthage" of 1817, a fair

Carthage Again

"Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (p. 109).

estimate may be formed of the remarkable change and distinct advance in his art to which reference was made in the last chapter. Undoubtedly the difference of sentiment, which he wished to convey, influenced his treatment and colouring. The "Decline" was meant to be sad, the "Morning" joyous; but there are many other features in the later picture which show that the artist had "found liberty," and could, at length, express his feeling with the utmost freedom and *abandon*.

Many and contradictory are the opinions of the critics as to the merits of this picture, but they may all be disregarded. Its artistic completeness compels unquestioning admiration. It is another of Turner's romances, and should be enjoyed as such, but its splendid qualities as a work of the highest art cannot be overlooked or denied.

The "Ulysses"

Again in 1829, one picture stands out conspicuous amongst the four exhibited at the R.A. "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (N.G. 508) marks an era in art. Nothing in the least resembling it had ever before been attempted. It stands apart, unique, *sui generis*, and will probably so stand while art endures. How the conception took form, even in the mind of such a masterly genius as Turner, it is not easy to imagine. Pope's "Odyssey" supplied him with the story—a story which, in earlier days, he would probably have treated in the style of Gaspar Poussin.

But Turner, since those days, had dared to paint sunlight, and all the varied colours which it reveals.

Now his daring takes a higher flight, and he does not shrink from setting forth on his canvas the supreme glory and splendour of light and colour. It is this which distinguishes the picture from all others. Only Turner could have painted it, for he alone had penetrated the mysteries of light, and had mastered the difficulties of expressing on canvas its ever-changing effects.

Such pictures as the "Ulysses" are not, however, all romance. Memory always played a prominent part in Turner's work. More than half the canvas is taken up by the sky and its reflection on the water. In its main features it is a sky, which he had seen, recalled by memory, and the reflections are governed by laws of which he was perfect master. For the Greek galleys he would draw much on his imagination, guided by his wide general knowledge of craft and rigging.

One singular mistake he makes in the incidents of the story. Ulysses had but his own vessel left; all the rest of his fleet had been dispersed and wrecked. Perhaps Turner was mixing up with his story that of Æneas, with which he was better acquainted; recalling how Æneas at Carthage recovered his fleet, which, as he had every reason to believe, had sunk before his eyes.

Polyphemus

There is a touch of pathos in the dim figure of the huge Polyphemus on the rocks above. His gestures express helpless rage and hopeless despair. Cruel and pitiless he may have been, but the artist means that we should pity him,

and we do. Ulysses himself is shown standing on the high poop of his vessel, from whence he shouts derisive taunts. How vast the bulk of the giant is, may be estimated by comparison with the nearer, yet diminutive figure of the hero. The artist shows that he regards the story as a product of mythical times, by the introduction of the sea-nymphs sporting round the prow, and of the horses of Phœbus Apollo drawing the chariot of the rising sun.

Deeply as Turner undoubtedly felt the poetic meaning expressed in his paintings, he could never be induced to talk of it, or of the pictures themselves. If he did reply to observations made about them in his hearing by others, it was with incorrigible humour, disguising his real feeling. An instance of this trait in his character appears in the following incident:—When asked whether he had taken the story of Ulysses from Homer's "Odyssey," he is said to have replied: "Odyssey? No! I took it from Tom Dibdin's lines—

> 'He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
> And then he poked his eye out.'"

The Fruits of Neglect

Grand as the picture was, it found no purchaser and went back to his gallery, passing at his death (with the many others returned in like manner on his hands) to the nation. It was this neglect of his work which embittered Turner's life. He did not need the money; but to feel that paintings, of the merits of which he could not but be conscious, had no value in the eyes of picture-buyers, stirred in

him a sense of injustice, which acted injuriously on his temper, and, in the end, on his art.

Turner had again visited Italy in the year 1828, and spent some time at Rome, from which place he wrote to his friends G. Jones, R.A., and F. Chantrey, R.A., characteristic letters. Very few of his letters are extant, and of these few the two following are perhaps the most interesting:—

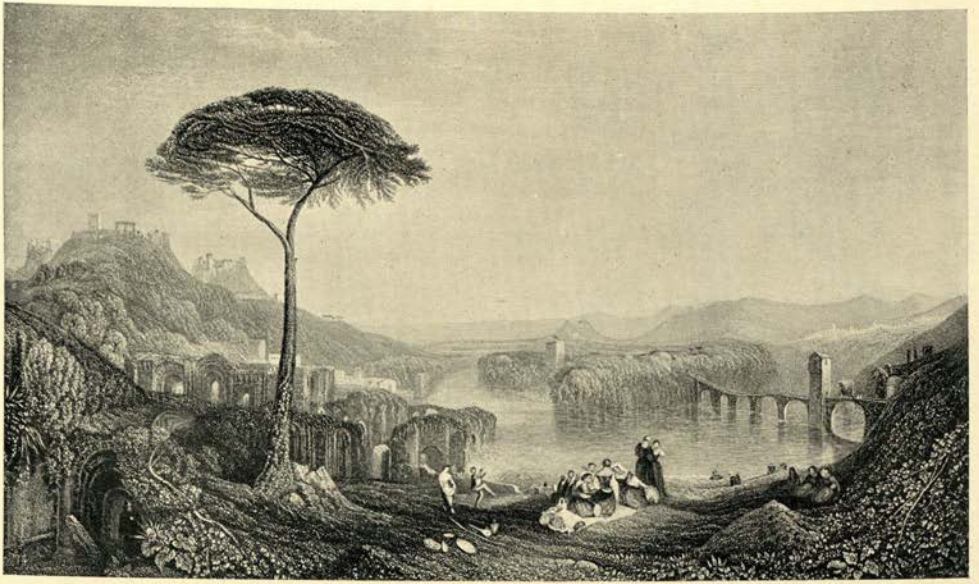
"To George Jones, R.A.

"Rome, *October* 13, 1828.

"Dear Jones,—Two months nearly in getting to this terra pictura, *and at work;* but the length of time is my own fault. I must (needs) see the South of France, which almost knocked me up, the heat was so intense, particularly at Nismes and Avignon; and until I got a plunge into the sea at Marseilles I felt so weak that nothing but the change of scene kept me onwards to my distant point. Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia, is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow Chantrey that I did think of him; *then* (but not the first or the last time) of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs, which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything that is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara.

. . . . . .

"Hope that you have been better than usual, and that the pictures go on well. If you should be passing Queen Anne Street, just say I am well and in Rome,



"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (p. 120).

for I fear young Hakewell has written to my father of my being unwell; and may I trouble you to drop a line into the twopenny post to Mr. C. Heath, or send my people to tell him, if he has anything to send me, to put it up in a letter (it is the most sure way of reaching me) directed for me, No. 12 Piazza Mignanelli, Rome, to which place I hope you will send me a line? Excuse my troubling you with my requests of business. Remember me to all friends. So God bless you. Adieu.

Messages for Home

"J. M. W. TURNER."

"To FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

"ROME, *Nov.* 6, 1828.

"MY DEAR CHANTREY,—I intended long before this (but you will say 'Fudge!') to have written; but even now very little information have I to give you in matters of art, for I have confined myself to the painting department at Corso; and, having finished *one*, am about the second, and getting on with Lord E.'s, which I began the very first touch at Rome; but, as the folk here talked that I would show them *not*, I finished a small three foot by four to stop their gabbling. So now to business. Sculpture, of course, first; for it carries away all the patronage, so it is said, in Rome; but all seem to share in the goodwill of the patrons of the day. Gott's studio is full. Wyatt and Rennie, Ewing, Buxton, all employed. Gibson has two groups in hand, *Venus and Cupid;* and *The Rape of Hylas*, three figures, very forward, though

Sculptors at Rome

J. M. W. Turner

I doubt much if it will be in time (taking the long voyage into the scale) for the Exhibition, though it is for England. Its style is something like the *Psyche*, being two standing-figures of nymphs, leaning, enamoured, over the youthful Hylas with his pitcher. The Venus is a sitting figure, with the Cupid in attendance; and if it had wings like a dove, to flee away and be at rest, the rest would not be the worse for the change. Thorwaldsten (*sic*) is closely engaged on the late Pope's (Pius VII.) monument. Portraits of the superior animal, man, are to be found in all [? the sculptors' studios]. In some, the inferior—viz.: greyhounds and poodles, cats and monkeys, etc. etc.

"Pray give my remembrances to Jones and Stokes, and tell *him* I have not seen a bit of coal stratum for months. My love to Mrs. Chantrey, and take the same and good wishes of

"Yours most truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

View of Orvieto

The "small three foot by four" picture mentioned in the last letter was the "View of Orvieto" (N.G. 511), one of the seven pictures shown by the artist at the R.A. in 1830. In this painting he repeats the brilliant tones of "The Bay of Baiæ"—repeats in even richer colours the impression which the lovely land of Italy made on his mind, an impression strengthened by each visit. There is a charm about the picture to which few can be insensible.

Death of his Father

It is Italy as it appeared to the eye of the greatest of landscape-painters, reproduced in all its radiant light and colour.

Three other landscapes of 1830 were works of note which have since brought high prices—"Palestrina," a classical composition; and two of the artist's sea-shore subjects in which he was always at his happiest—"Calais Sands" and "Fish-market on the Sands." Apparently Turner never gave up the idea that he was a figure-painter. As late as the year 1849, the last but one in which his name appears in the R.A. catalogue, he exhibited an ambitious, and perhaps his best, figure-subject—"Venus and Adonis." Two of his pictures of 1830 were of this class, neither of them successful—"Pilate washing his Hands" and "Jessica."

Death of his Father

In the autumn of 1829 his amiable old father died. Turner felt the loss keenly. His whole family had consisted of "Dad" and himself, and they had always been much together. The old man's chief pleasure was found in performing little services for his son. He would strain canvases for him, and took a pride in varnishing his pictures when completed, so that the artist would humorously declare that "Dad" began and finished his pictures for him. When they were living at Sandycombe, the father would go up to London daily to open Turner's "Gallery" in Queen Anne Street. He also took great pains to keep the garden at Sandycombe in order; indeed, he worked so hard at this, that the artist's chief reason for giving up Sandycombe in 1826

was because he thought the old man was overtaxing his strength in the garden.

Turner had good cause to be grateful to his father. "Dad" had believed in his genius from the first, and had done his best to remove every hindrance to its development. He was the one person in the world who had shown him an unchanging affection, and the one whom he could trust entirely. "Saving a ha'penny" was the old man's passion to the end, and this closeness was the most harmful failing which his example had instilled into his son's character. His death created a blank in Turner's life, and in his interest in things outside his art, of which his old father had been the centre. Mr. Trimmer says, "He never appeared the same man after his father's death." His only home, the dismal house in Queen Anne Street, was, henceforth, more and more lonely to the reserved and silent man.

A Blank in Turner's Life

Again in 1831 and 1832, Turner's chief picture at the R.A. was inspired by the scenery of Italy. These and the rest of his Italian visions become more impressive if viewed as a series. The artist himself regarded them as such, if we may judge by his emphatic remark about other works of his: "What is the use of them but together? keep them together." When it is remembered that it was in those paintings that Turner initiated and developed the scheme of colouring and rendering of aerial effects which are peculiarly his own, and that they form a succession of pictures, connected in purpose, and presenting a continuous history of the artist's

methods and aims, to "keep them together" would seem to be the best means of gaining a fuller understanding and appreciation of the whole. In like manner, his pictures of Venice, which mark a further step in the painter's art, should be kept together and viewed as a conception, complete in itself, but separate from the other Italian pictures.

The "Classical" and Italian Series

It will be helpful also to distinguish those pictures of Italy, in which natural beauties are more prominent than artificial details, from others, such as the "Regulus" of 1837 and the "Ancient Italy" of 1838, which in subject and treatment resemble the Carthaginian pictures. The latter may be grouped and described, for want of a better term, as "classical" pictures; the former may be styled, for distinction, *the Italian series.*

In this series of brilliant, imaginative paintings, the artist presents to our view Italy herself, glorified it may be, but still the Italy which travellers know and love. Sir Thomas Lawrence, writing from Rome, says that he was continually reminded in Italy of Turner's pictures; and what lover of that land of sunshine and colour has not experienced the like feeling?

Beginning with "The Bay of Baiæ" (1823, N.G. 505), the series includes "The Loretto Necklace" (1829), "Orvieto" (1830, N.G. 511), "Caligula's Palace and Bridge" (R.A. 1831, N.G. 512), "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (R.A. 1832, N.G. 516), "Lake Avernus and the Golden Bough" (R.A. 1834), "Mercury and

Argus," and "Rome from Mount Aventine" (R.A. 1836), "Modern Italy" (R.A. 1838), and "Modern Rome, Campo Vaccino" (R.A. 1839). Only four of these, of which the numbers are given above, are now to be seen in the National Gallery. The "Loretto Necklace" and the "Lake Avernus" are in the national collection, but are now lent to provincial galleries.

Two other pictures should be considered as connected with this group, for, whatever the titles given to them, the scenery is not Greek, but Italian, and they are painted with the same delicacy and regard for colour and aerial effect. They were both among the pictures bequeathed by Turner to the nation, but are also at present on loan in provincial galleries. They are entitled "Apollo and Daphne, Vale of Tempe" (R.A. 1837), and "Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus" (R.A. 1838).

In Provincial Galleries

Speaking specially of the foreground of the works of this series, and in particular of the "Bay of Baiæ" and "Mercury and Argus," Mr. Ruskin says:—"Often as I have paused before these noble works, I never felt on returning to them as if I had ever seen them before; for their abundance is so deep and various, that the mind, according to its own temper at the time of seeing, perceives some new series of truths rendered in them, just as it would on revisiting a natural scene; and detects new relations and associations of these truths, which set the whole picture in a different light at every return to it."

Turner's Architecture

"Caligula's Palace and Bridge" (1831) and "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (1832) are further developments of the ideas and methods revealed in the "Bay of Baiæ" (1823) and the "Orvieto" (1830), and should be studied with them as parts of one and the same conception. Much adverse criticism has been expended on the buildings of the "Caligula's Palace," on the ground that they are unreal and artificial. Like all Turner's architecture, however ideal they may seem, they are not impossible, and, even though they seem to be creations of his fancy, they are really worked out from studies of details. Sketches of architectural details were made, in great numbers, by the artist in Italy; and just as Sir Richard Owen could reproduce the skeleton of an extinct animal from one bone, so the great artist, from a few rough notes, could present a possible and probable restoration of buildings, long before reduced to ruins.

Turner's Architecture

But even if the critics were right, the buildings on the left of this picture would still retain their peculiar charm. They are graceful, and admirably grouped. If only as objects on which the soft sunbeams may rest, they are invaluable, whilst by the tender gradations of tone employed, they are set, each in its due place, in perspective, and carry the eye from space to space to a far-off, lofty distance. The figures and goats on the right are carelessly drawn, a fault for which the water and distance make ample amends.

Radiant light and varied colour are the distinguishing features of the whole Italian series, and reach their

perfection in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." From a distance its peculiar loveliness attracts the eye, and the charm increases as we reach the proper point of view. It seems as though the artist had aimed at setting forth Italy herself in all her beauty, on this one canvas. Byron's lines, quoted (though incorrectly) after the title in the catalogue of 1832, express a similar feeling:—

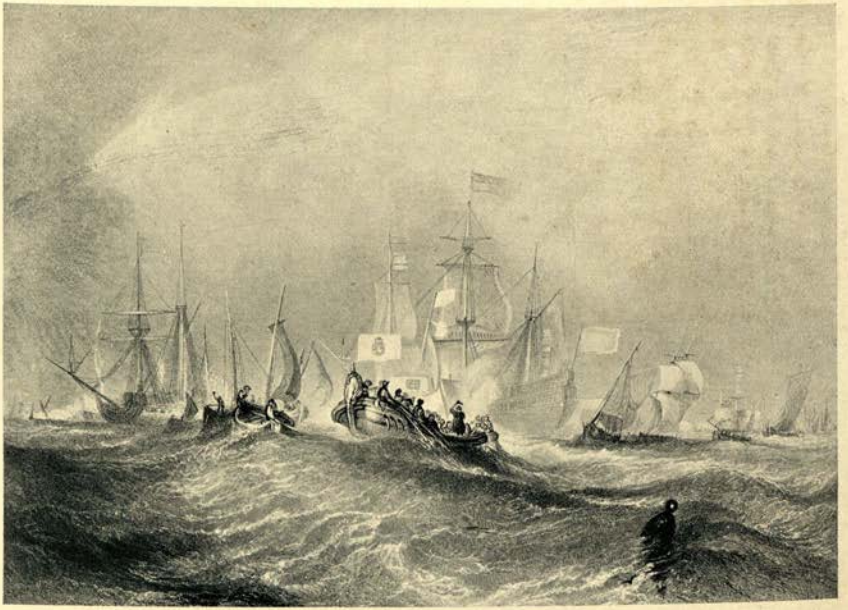
Italy Herself

> "And now, fair Italy!
> Thou art the garden of the world.
> Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility;
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

But, in this case, the painter's inspiration is fuller, and his imaginative power more vivid than the poet's. He dwells on the scene with a lingering fondness, and expends lavishly every resource of his art in celebrating its beauty.

If Mr. Ruskin is right in attributing to Turner the intention of teaching in "Apollo and the Sibyl" the vanity of life, and in "Caligula's Palace" the vanity of labour, it would follow naturally that in the "Childe Harold" he meant to emphasise the vanity of pleasure. There is usually an inner meaning in Turner's pictures. Sympathy with human life is never absent, and in most there is a touch of sadness, a recognition of the passing away of man and all

An Inner Meaning



"The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay" (p. 121).

his works. This may be the meaning suggested by the ruins, which form an important feature in each of these three pictures. Here they contrast sharply with the gaiety of the pleasure-party, and he probably meant to enforce the contrast.

But, for the moment, we forget all else in the happiness inspired by the loveliness of the scene. The whole picture sparkles like a jewel. The rosy tints on the ruins, the blue waters, the pearly middle distance, the gleams of light on the nearer buildings and on the far-off town, and the wide expanse of country leading the eye to the hills on the horizon, are all brought out with subtle skill, and blend in one harmonious whole. The stone-pine is conspicuous in this, as in other pictures of Turner's, and not without purpose. Its dark crest, by throwing back the distance, is invaluable to the aerial perspective.

Sea Pictures

In this same year, 1832, and the two following years, Turner exhibited ten marine pictures, which are fine examples of his remarkable grasp of such subjects and power of rendering them on canvas. Only one of the ten, "The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay," is to be found in the National Gallery (No. 369). Although it is far from being the finest of the ten, it represents fairly the change in the painter's treatment of this branch of his art. The waves are more liquid and lustrous than in his earlier sea-pictures, the colour of the whole more tender, and the handling more delicate. These differences may be distinguished by comparing

the plate with that of the "Shipwreck," but are far more evident in the paintings themselves.

In the "Venice" series two distinct periods are marked by widely differing styles. The first four pictures exhibited (one in each of the years 1833, 1834, 1835, and 1837) are realistic and sharply defined. In the second period, dating from 1840, Turner shows less regard for form, aiming rather at developing light and colour, and those mysterious atmospheric effects which are peculiar to the city built on the sea.

Of the first method, the picture in the National Gallery (No. 370), of which a plate is here given, is a brilliant example. It lacks the mystery which characterises the later visions of Venice, but it has its own charm, and affords evidence of the painter's careful study of scenes new to him. He may also have intended to prove to buyers of Canaletto's pictures that he could surpass their favourite in his own subjects and in his own method of work. If so, his success was complete. But Turner's whole attitude towards his predecessors in art proves that such rivalry implied no disparagement of the older artist, from whom he would readily acknowledge that he had learned much.

Venice

Turner's paintings belonging to the last four years of which this chapter treats cannot be passed by without further remark. They were numerous, and of the highest interest. Unfortunately, all except those above, to which numbers are assigned, are in private

collections. Many were never exhibited; of those which were, a list will be found in the Appendix.

The "Lake Avernus, the Fates, and the Golden Bough" (to give the picture its full title) requires more than the passing notice given to it, if only because it forms an important link in the Italian series. It is, moreover, one of those in the National Collection (bequeathed, with the rest of his collection, by Mr. Vernon, who bought it of Turner), and therefore should be accessible. In this painting, as in the "Childe Harold," the artist presents a typical Italian scene; stone-pine, blue water, and foliage-clad plain lead the eye onwards to distant mountains.

Lake Avernus

At this spot, according to the ancient story, was the entrance to Hades, the abode of the departed; an entrance impassable to living man, unless he should first have found and plucked off the golden bough hidden in the dark woods of the valley. There are no terrors in Turner's picture; all is sunshine and peace. Here a few sentences, which could not be better expressed, must be quoted from Mr. Hamerton's book:—

"The painter has so treated his subject that the pale blue waters of Avernus, sleeping so calmly in their deep basin, scarcely recall to us, as we see them in the picture, that dark river Acheron, from which they were believed to rise. The only motive of the painter appears to have been beauty; the beauty of a fair Italian landscape, idealised to the utmost by the power of his genius. The pictures of this class are, I believe, the

most perfect and complete expression ever given by Turner to his sense of charm and loveliness in landscape, as distinguished from his sterner delight in the sublime. No one who has not tried to paint, and tried seriously and long, can estimate the delicacy of tone and colour in these pictures, the exquisiteness of the transitions in the lightest passages, and the sustained refinement which could carry the artist safely over twenty or thirty square feet of canvas, when the slightest failure would have shown as an intolerable blot upon his work."

Charm of the Italian Series

Between the years 1825 and 1835 Turner's art touched its highest point. In some few pictures of the next decade he showed that his powers were unabated; but he was now sixty years old, and the decline of day for him was at hand.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DECLINE OF DAY.

[1835-45: ÆTAT. LX.-LXX.]

"Classical" subjects—"Nonsense pictures"—"Modern Italy"—Public *v.* private galleries—In Italy with Mr. Munro—Stories and misrepresentations—Pictures of 1838—"The Fighting *Téméraire*" (1839)—Of the ship herself—Sentiment of the picture—Artistic effects—Meaning of crimson skies—The "Agrippina" picture—Views of Venice described—Venice from a distance—Nearer—Still nearer—Venetian pictures, first period—Pictures at South Kensington—Later Venetian pictures—Perished and faded—"The Snow-storm"—"Soapsuds and whitewash"—Turner and the critics—The black sails—Poetry *v.* prose.

SUBJECTS such as we have distinguished as "classical" seem to have always had a strange attraction for Turner, but it will be found that whenever he yielded to the attraction, as in the first five years of this period, it was a sure sign of restlessness and impending change. To him the composition presented no difficulty, and, though the amount of work involved was great, his execution was rapid and facile. He had only to give the reins to his imagination, and rely on his memory for details. Marvellous as these paintings are as works of

"Classical" Subjects

art, and deep as the admiration which they as such must always inspire, one single picture, such as the fighting *Téméraire,* which reveals the artist's genuine feeling, or one lovely vision of nature, such as he gives us in his perfect water-colour drawings, touches the imagination more than all the ranks of classical buildings and fanciful scenes of ancient Rome or Carthage.

Still we must accept with thankfulness whatever the great artist chooses to give us, and acknowledge that in every canvas which left his easel, whatever its subject or treatment, there are noble artistic qualities to be admired and enjoyed.

"Nonsense Pictures"

Mr. Ruskin, who strangely undervalues these, as well as many others of Turner's oil-paintings, classes them somewhat scornfully as "nonsense pictures." On the other hand, Turner's own opinion of them was shown by his bequeathing them, amongst others, to the nation, to uphold his fame and represent his art. Nor must the judgment of other painters be disregarded. They are unanimous in their appreciation of the wonderful technical qualities displayed in these same pictures, and of their permanent influence on the art of painting. Critical remarks on these "classical" pictures are in no way applicable to those of the Italian series, or to the Venetian subjects, for in all these the artist recalls real scenes of natural beauty, however ideal his treatment.

"Mercury and Argus" and "Rome from Mount

Aventine," both exhibited at the R.A. in 1836, carry on the Italian series a step farther. The former is remarkable, even amongst Turner's pictures, for its revelation of the manifold beauties of nature and of that subtle poetic feeling which the great artist knows how to infuse into landscape. Few people have seen the picture, for it was bought by Mr. Naylor, of Liverpool, and hidden away in his collection, and to most it is known only by the engraving taken from it. But the few who have seen it (amongst them Mr. Ruskin, who refers to it frequently in *Modern Painters*) have pronounced it the most perfect of all the artist's Italian pictures.

Another of the Italian series, "Modern Italy," was exhibited at the R.A. in 1838, in company with "Ancient Italy." The materials for these two fine pictures were gathered during a visit which Turner made to Italy in 1836, with Mr. Munro, of Novar, for whom he painted both. These pictures are generally known only by engravings taken from them. The subject of "Modern Italy" is full of interest, and, even in black and white, the whole scene is luminous with delicate tones of soft light. A river flows from the foreground to a bridge with a single arch in the middle distance. Its surface is smooth (except where rippled by swimming figures), reflecting the bright sky and objects on its banks. On the hill to the left stands a typical Italian town, and to the far-receding distance stretches the Campagna, bounded by hills on the right. But it is a picture that cannot be

"Modern Italy"

described; it should be seen, and studied with others of the artist's fair visions of Italy.

Public v. Private Galleries

Perhaps some day, owners of Turner's pictures will realise that there is more true pleasure to be derived from the knowledge that thousands have the opportunity of admiring and enjoying them, than in keeping them secluded, where none but their friends and themselves can view them. When that day arrives, it is to be hoped that the whole of the magnificent Italian series will be hung in one room of some gallery in England, where all may take in their supreme loveliness as a whole, fulfilling Turner's injunction: "Keep them together."

Mr. Munro has supplied notes of their tour, which afford one of those glimpses of Turner's personality that are so rare, and therefore so valuable.

The journey was taken at the artist's suggestion, as a means of diverting Mr. Munro's mind, over which a cloud of depression was hanging. They passed through France to Switzerland, went to Chamounix and Mont Blanc, then over into Italy by way of the Val d'Aosta, and, after a long stay in Rome, returned by way of Turin.

In Italy with Mr. Munro

Mr. Munro says that Turner enjoyed himself in his own way, a sort of honest Diogenes way; that he disliked questions, such as how he got any particular colour; that, on starting in the morning to sketch, he would ask, "Have you got the sponge?" the sponge being an important tool in his water-colour work; that he rarely

"Venice" (p. 122).

talked about the scenery, but set to work busily, making rapid sketches, which he finished afterwards at the inn. Mr. Munro adds that, if you bore with Turner's way, it was easy to get on very pleasantly with him.

One incident of this tour reveals a trait in Turner's character which has been strangely misunderstood and misrepresented. Mr. Ruskin refers to it reasonably as an instance of Turner's "curious dislike to *appear* kind." It also probably shows his wish to avoid being thanked—a failing, if it be one, common to all shy natures. The story, supplied doubtless by Mr. Munro himself, must be told in Mr. Ruskin's terse language:—

"Drawing with one of his best friends, at the bridge of St. Martin's, the friend got into great difficulty over a coloured sketch. Turner looked over him a little while, then said in a grumbling way: 'I haven't got any paper I like; let me try yours.' Receiving a block-book, he disappeared for an hour and a half. Returning, he threw the book down with a growl, saying: 'I can't make anything of your paper.' There were three sketches on it, in three distinct states of progress, showing the process of colouring from beginning to end, and clearing up every difficulty which his friend had got into."

Misinterpretations

Mr. Hamerton's remark on this story shows a lamentable inability to discriminate character, as well as a readiness, which has been only too common, to make the worst of Turner. He says:—"There was no necessity, after borrowing the block-book, to throw it down with a

growl; he might have handed it back to the lender with a word of thanks."

Much is made by the biographers of Turner's supposed meanness, because he asked to have the sketches returned to him the next day, when they had served his friend's need. Their error is due to their want of knowledge of artists' ways. No artist will part with his sketches willingly. They are, as Wilkie once said, "his stock-in-trade," and are invaluable to him, because they recall not only what is set down, but the whole scene and its surroundings. Constable, when asked to sell one of his sketches, replied: "I will sell you the crop, but not the field that grew it." In like manner, the most generous artists the writer of these pages has had the privilege of knowing, would never part with a study made on the spot, but would rather give to a friend a finished picture.

Pictures of 1838

Turner's three canvases at the R.A. in 1838 must have caused a great sensation amongst lovers of art. The "Modern Italy" and "Ancient Italy," together with a third of equal rank, "Phryne going to the Public Bath, etc.," formed a trio of surpassing splendour. As is so often the case in nature, his decline of day was marked by a glory exceeding all that the earlier hours had known. These three pictures and "The Fighting *Téméraire*" of the following year are works of mature genius, and show no sign of failing power. In none of his paintings are Turner's perfect knowledge and mastery of his art more manifest.

The "Téméraire"

The fanciful title given to the "Phryne" does not in the least describe the picture. There are figures, it is true, and buildings, but natural beauty is the prominent feature, especially the beauty of tree-forms, lit up by such sunlight as the artist alone could throw over the scene. This picture also was amongst those bequeathed by Turner to the nation, but is at present on loan in the provinces.

Turner exhibited five pictures at the R.A. in 1839, of which only two can be noticed here. First and foremost comes "The Fighting *Téméraire* tugged to her last berth to be broken up, 1838," to which title was added the lines:—

> "The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
> No longer owns her."

"The Fighting Téméraire"

Of all the artist's works this is the best known and most generally appreciated. There is a sentiment interwoven with the scene which touches the imagination of every one born of the British race. If any painter could enter into the feelings of that race of great seamen, it was Turner. From his early boyhood "that mysterious forest below London Bridge," the shipping in the Pool, was his favourite haunt. He had a passion for painting the sea, associated always with some episode of sailor-life. Vessels of every rig, and sailors at their work, or following their rollicking pleasures on shore, appear in numbers of his drawings. His earliest memories were of sea-fights. The Battles of the Nile

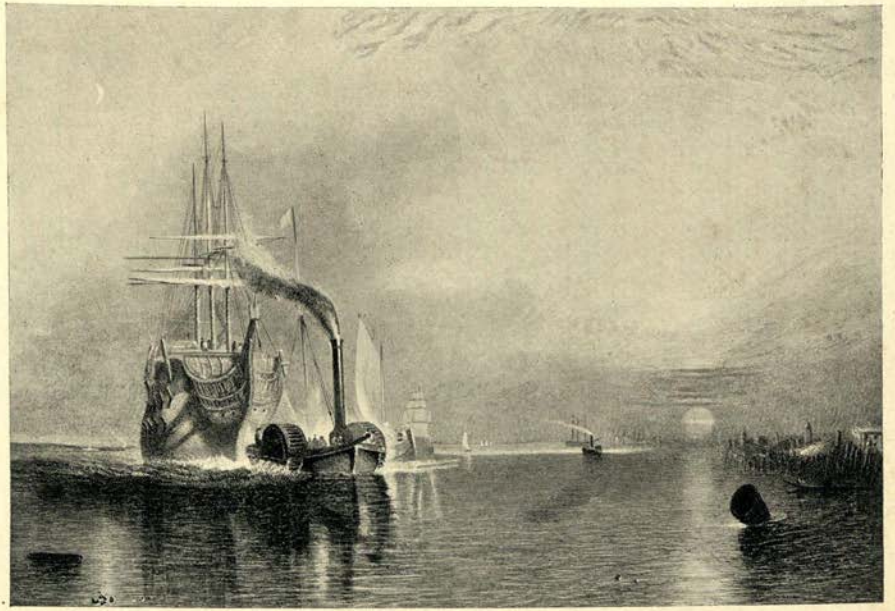
and Trafalgar stirred the enthusiasm of his early manhood. What stories of storm and battle he would have heard from old naval heroes! And now, at the age of sixty-four, he paints the elegy of one of those old ships-of-the-line, familiar to his eye from boyhood.

The scene which he has painted in this picture actually presented itself to his sight, when he was going down the river with Stanfield and a party of Academicians.

"That's a fine subject, Turner," Stanfield remarked, as the stately old vessel went by; and probably thought no more about it. But Turner's deeper imagination perceived something far beyond a fine subject; perceived the inner meaning and pathos of the passing vision, and gradually evolved the poetic story which inspired that poem on canvas, "The Fighting *Téméraire*."

Of the Ship Herself

She was no English vessel. Every graceful line betrays the workmanship of the French dockyards. What battles she fought against us under the tricolor, we do not know; but in her last, the Battle of the Nile, she fell into Nelson's hands. Repaired, and enrolled in the British Navy, and manned by a British crew, she earned her title of the "fighting" *Téméraire* by the gallant manner in which, under the command of Captain Hervey, she supported Nelson in breaking the French line at Trafalgar. She was the second ship in Nelson's own column, and pressed forward to take the lead of the *Victory*, until he ordered her to keep her place. After the first shock, Captain Hervey, seeing Nelson's



"The Fighting 'Temeraire'" (p. 131).

ship closely engaged with the *Redoubtable*, ranged up on the other side of the French vessel and attacked her furiously, being himself, in turn, assailed on his starboard side by the French ship *Fougeux*. So closely were the four ships locked together, that the guns of the *Victory* had to be depressed, lest their shot should pass through the *Redoubtable* and injure the *Téméraire*.

The splendid aid which she rendered to Nelson in his last great fight endeared the *Téméraire* to all English seamen, who ever afterwards applied to her the name which Turner has immortalised in the title of his picture. Even at the end of her career, when she was leaving Plymouth on her last voyage to Deptford to be broken up, cheers in her honour were raised by all who saw her depart.

Sentiment of the Picture

None of Turner's pictures reveal more fully his deep poetic feeling. In ordinary prose, the incident that met his view was a battle-ship of the old time towed to her last moorings by a little steamer of the new. His imagination expanded this into an idyl full of pathos, which his masterly art knew how to express. Again he shows how completely he grasps the sentiment of the scene. It is the end of the gallant old war-ship's career. She is being "tugged to her last berth." The fate of the mute vessel appeals to him, and he paints her ghostly passing, surrounded by all the richest hues of dying day. By the magic of his art, she becomes for all time "The Fighting *Téméraire*," of undying fame.

This is one of those rare pictures in which depth of

poetic sentiment effaces, for a time, all thought of the artist and his art. The painting is eclipsed by the pathos of the story. As art, by degrees, asserts its claims, special attention is attracted to the masterly rendering of the ghostly appearance, yet perfect grace and symmetry of the vessel, and of the impressive sky and its reflection on the water. Two passages from *Modern Painters* must here be quoted, not merely for the charm of the language, but for their value in suggesting interpretations of the artistic meaning of the sky.

"Take the evening effect with the *Téméraire*. That picture will not, at first glance, deceive as a piece of actual sunlight; but this is because there is in it more than sunlight; because, under the blazing veil of vaulted fire which lights the vessel on her last path, there is a blue, deep, desolate hollow of darkness, out of which you can hear the voice of the night-wind, and the dull boom of the disturbed sea; because the cold deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look, you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has risen over the vastness of the departing form."

Artistic Effects

"Turner was very definitely in the habit of indicating the association of any subject with circumstances of death, especially the death of multitudes, by placing it under one of his most deeply *crimsoned* sunset skies. The colour of blood is thus plainly taken for the leading tone

Meaning of Crimson Skies

in the storm-clouds above the 'Slave-ship.' It occurs with similar distinctness in the much earlier picture of 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' in that of 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' and, subdued by softer tones, in the 'Old *Téméraire.*'"

By giving thus to the sunset of this picture the colour with which he associates the close of human life, Turner seems to convey that he regards the old vessel as a personality, a being almost human, passing to its fate. It is interesting to know that the picture was a favourite of the artist's, and that, from the first, he intended to bequeath it to the nation, rejecting every offer made by would-be purchasers.

"Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus" (N.G. 523), another picture of the same year, must be ranked amongst those subjects which we have distinguished as "classical," although it differs widely from them in treatment and colouring. The title is misleading, but that is of little consequence; it is the scene, not the incident, which concerns us. Again we see the Tiber, and old Rome restored by the artist's fancy, but now transfused with the softer light, tenderer hues, and melting reflections of his later style. The buildings, touched with ethereal light from the setting sun, lose all hardness. Old Tiber never before glowed on canvas in such mellow colours. And yet the scene is even more unreal than such pictures of the "classical" series, belonging to this period, as the "Regulus" of 1837, and "Ancient Italy" of 1838, which are the finest

The "Agrippina" Picture

of the artist's paintings of this class of subject. Is it, perchance, the introduction of "the scarlet shadow" which creates a sense of unreality?

In both the "Regulus" and "Ancient Italy" the setting sun is placed near the centre of the canvas, and light cirrhus clouds, for the first time in this class of picture, appear in the sky. In both, the Tiber and the piles of buildings on its banks form the main features, but the sunlight is, as usual, the chief glory of each picture. The "Regulus" is crowded with figures, well-designed and well-placed. As a picture it is perhaps the most effective of its class, and, as such, will repay close study.

Before finally dismissing the "classical" series, it may be well to attempt to fix their precise position in the art of landscape-painting. "Nonsense pictures" they may be, so far as subject is concerned. There is in them too much of man's work, too little of nature's, and yet the human interest is weak. In subject, composition, and method alike, art overpowers nature. But sun, sky, atmosphere, and water, in which nature's power and beauty are chiefly manifested, are rendered with such truth, and in a manner so noble, that the paintings will always be precious in the eyes of lovers of nature; as they will be in the eyes of lovers of art for their marvellous artistic qualities.

Qualities of the "Classical" Series

The impression which Venice made on Turner was profound. Its romantic position, its buildings, canals, gondolas, and fishing-vessels counted for much; the

'Mercury and Argus" (p. 126).

mysterious atmosphere, and the rainbow colours reflected on the calm waters of the lagoon, for still more. There is evidence also that the works of the great Venetian painters, especially Tintoretto and Titian, had no small influence on his art, and that to them, in some degree, is due the development of his later methods and scheme of colouring. Venice without doubt, inspired that latest style of the artist's, which to many is a source of deep admiration and wonder, but to the majority a cause of offence.

Venice

Those who have never had the good fortune to see Venice naturally find it difficult to realise the scenes which it presents to the eye, or to form a just idea of the degree of truth with which the artist has rendered the effects as they appeared to him. To such it will be of the greatest service to read the following descriptions, quoted by Mr. Hamerton from a French author, M. Havard, written without reference to, or even knowledge of Turner's pictures, of which, however, they might serve as descriptions:—

Venice from a Distance.—"Searching along the horizon, trying to penetrate the haze, we endeavour to distinguish the marvellous city from the clouds in which she lies hidden. Suddenly above the green waters, in front of the blue mountains whose feet are lost in mist, we see her rise. She glitters in the midst of the islands which surround her. Her palaces of blue and white seem to float on the Adriatic. She reminds us of a necklace of pearls lying on a cloth of emerald velvet.

Views of Venice Described

Nearer.—"The forms do not yet appear with clearness and precision; there are no exact outlines, nothing but patches of rose and white which are relieved against a blue horizon of an exquisite softness, and are reflected on the green waves which become silvery in the sunshine.

Still Nearer.—"As we approach, this delightful chaos becomes less confused. The delicate profiles of the campaniles and the rounded forms of the domes become defined; the lace-like balconies and Oriental roofs of the palaces are cut out more clearly, the outlines are more plainly visible, but the tones remain unchanged. The city preserves her tints of white and rose, the sky and sea their tints of blue and green."

Of the city itself M. Havard remarks:—"It is a marvellous concert of the richest colours, a clashing of the liveliest and most joyous tints."

If such are the visions that Venice presents, what art, what colours can exaggerate their effect! Turner's Venetian pictures, when first exhibited, were the nearest approach that art could make to such dreams of ethereal beauty.

His first visit to Venice is dated 1832, and in 1833 he exhibited his first Venetian picture at the R.A.—"Venice: the Dogana, Campanile of San Marco, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, etc.—Canaletto Painting" (N.G. 370), to which title he added these lines from Rogers's *Italy*:—

> "There is a glorious city in the sea,
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces."

Pictures of Venice

Another picture, "The Ducal Palace, Venice," was hung at the R.A. in the same year. Again, in each of the years 1834, 1835, and 1837, a painting of Venice formed part of his contributions to the R.A. All these were, as has been stated, more or less realistic (if such a term can be applied to any work of Turner's), and were views of the city itself, seen close at hand. But after his next visit, in 1839, he goes farther off, and delights in atmospheric effects, sunrise and sunset on the quiet waters; bringing every brilliant colour on his palette into use, to rival the marvellous tints displayed in sky and sea.

Venetian Pictures: First Period

In the Sheepshanks collection at the South Kensington Museum may be seen the finest "Venice" of the middle period (R.A. 1840), which, happily, has been well cared for, and is still in a good state of preservation. It is a picture to be understood and admired by all. Mystery is added to the realism of the "Canaletto Painting" of 1833. In the latter picture every detail stands out as distinctly as it would in a photograph, but the rich colouring of the painting softens all hardness of line. An atmosphere of diffused light in the Venice of 1840 lends that touch of mystery which forms the peculiar charm of Turner's finest works. More is made of the water and boats, and less of the buildings, which are thrown farther back. Imaginative power in the artist calls forth the imagination of the beholder, who is thus enabled to realise

Pictures at South Kensington

Venice herself in all her characteristic beauty of form and colour.

There are four other perfect paintings of Turner's in the same (Sheepshanks) collection which should have been noticed before in their due order. They are pictures which it would be well worth while to travel far to see, but yet are known to few even of those who live in London. They were all important works of their year at the R.A., were bought by Mr. Sheepshanks, and by him bequeathed to the nation. Under his care they were saved from the neglect which has caused so sad a deterioration of most of Turner's pictures. It will be enough to give their titles without description, viz.:—"The Yacht Squadron, Cowes" (R.A. 1828), "Lifeboat and Manby Apparatus going off to a Stranded Vessel making Signals (blue lights) of Distress" (R.A. 1831), "St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall" (R.A. 1834), and "Line-fishing, off Hastings" (R.A. 1835), all pictures of sea and shore, painted when the artist was at the height of his power.

Later Venetian Pictures

Seventeen of the later Venetian pictures were shown at the R.A. in the following five years, of which only two are in the National Gallery, viz.:—"Approach to Venice, looking towards Fusina" (R.A. 1843, N.G. 534), and "The 'Sun of Venice' going to Sea" (R.A. 184, N.G. 535). Unhappily these paintings, as well as that hung with them, "Venice: Morning. Returning from the Ball" (R.A. 1846, N.G. 544), are now but ghosts of what they were when seen in their

pristine beauty of colour. Some idea of the disastrous change may be formed by comparing the "Approach to Venice," as it now is, with the following description by Mr. Ruskin of the same picture when it was exhibited in 1843:—

"Without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Giudecca landwards at sunset—of all that I have ever seen. The buildings have, in reality, that proportion and character of mass, as one glides up the tide-stream: they float exactly in that strange, mirageful, wistful way in the sea-mist—rosy ghosts of houses without foundations; the blue line of the poplars and copse about the Fusina marshes shows itself just in that way on the horizon; the flowing gold of the water, and quiet gold of the air, face and reflect each other just so; the boats rest so with their black prows poised in the midst of the amber flame, or glide by so, the boatman stretched far aslope upon his deep-laid oar."

The gold of the water, the gold of the air, the amber flame are all gone, and even the boatman can only with difficulty be distinguished.

Quite as radiant in colour, and especially remarkable for the splendour of the painting of the water and its reflections, was the "Sun of Venice." The colours of the gaily-decorated fishing-boat, the "Sun of Venice," from which the picture takes its name, and their glowing reflections on the water have been described as marvellously brilliant. Now there is little left of their

glory, and we can only faintly imagine what it was when the picture left the artist's easel.

Cracked, perished, and faded as they are, these three pictures appeal to the imagination with strange power. Artists study them wonderingly, and seem fascinated by their paled beauty as much as they could be by their original splendour. Mr. Hamerton tells of the impression made by them on a party of distinguished French etchers in 1875. After viewing Turner's pictures, they one and all begged to be allowed to choose these particular three for etching.

Perished and Faded

Besides the Venetian pictures, Turner produced in the years 1840 to 1845 several other notable paintings, such as "Slavers throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhoon coming on" (R.A. 1840). This picture was bought by Mr. Ruskin, who pronounced it one of the finest of all Turner's works, and mentions it frequently in his writings. It was afterwards sold by him, and went to America, where it still remains. By general consent, it is regarded as a remarkable example of the artist's daring use of colour, and of his power of rendering the sky and its cloud-forms at sunset, and a stormy sea reflecting the splendour of crimson clouds.

The "Snow-storm: Steamer off Harbour's Mouth, etc." (R.A. 1842, N.G. 530) was greeted by the critics with senseless sneers and feeble attempts at wit, to which the great artist was now to be exposed to the end of his days. Never having seen the like sight themselves, they were, of

The Snow-Storm

course, on that account the more competent to pass judgment on the painter, who had not only witnessed the storm, but had been actually in the midst of it on board the steamer, the *Ariel,* off Harwich. Lashed to the mast, he had watched it for four hours, and the painting was the result of knowledge gained by this watching. Hitherto, Turner, like most great artists, had treated the critics with indifference and contempt. But he was now an old man, and the weaker he grew, the more he felt their stings. One critic, with the unerring sagacity and good taste of his race, had described the "Snow-storm" as "soapsuds and whitewash."

"Turner was passing the evening," Mr. Ruskin writes, "at my father's house on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair, I heard him muttering low to himself at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again, and again, and again. At last I went to him asking 'why he minded what they said?' Then he burst out, 'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea is like? I wish they'd been in it.'"

"Soapsuds and Whitewash"

To avoid recurring to this topic, it may be well to add here what further has to be said about it. As his powers failed, the more bitterly and heartlessly the critics assailed him. At the end, however, he spoke of them in his usual charitable way. "He knew," as Mr. Ruskin says, "that, however little his higher power could be seen, he had at least done as much as ought to have saved him from wanton insult; and the

attacks upon him in his later years were not merely contemptible in their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude. 'A man may be weak in his age,' he said to me once, at the time when he felt he was dying, 'but you should not tell him so.'" There is a ring in this sentence of the reproach of the old lion in Æsop's fable, when the other beasts came to his cave to insult the dying monarch, and, last of all, the ass, as his nature prompted, added kicks to insults.

The "Snow-storm" has probably lost much of its original lustre, but remains a grand record of the artist's impression of a terrible wintry storm at sea. As to its effect on others, the Rev. W. Kingsley relates that, when he took his mother to Turner's Gallery, she stood before that particular picture, and could scarcely be persuaded to look at any other. She herself had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland during the war, and recognised its power and fidelity. When Turner was told of the impression the painting made on the lady, he remarked: "I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did. But no one had any business to like the picture." "But," said Mr. Kingsley, "my mother once went through just such a scene, and it brought it all back to her."

"Bound to Record it"

"Is your mother a painter?" said Turner.

"No," was the reply.

"Modern Italy" (p. 127).

"Then she ought to have been thinking of something else."

To the great artist, whatever the danger, it was a *duty* to record what he saw; others, to his mind, should "have been thinking of something else" at such a time.

"Peace: Burial at Sea" (N.G. 528) was another picture of the same year, 1842. Sir David Wilkie, R.A., had died and was buried at sea, off Gibraltar, in the summer of 1841, and Turner painted this picture to express his grief for the loss of his brother-Academician. Even truth, to his feeling, must yield to regret for the departed, and he paints the vessel and sails in tones more sombre than Nature's. When Stanfield remonstrated with him on the blackness of the sails, the tender-hearted old artist replied: "If I could find anything blacker than black, I'd use it." *The Black Sails*

Two pictures of 1844 should be looked at and compared as they hang on the walls of the National Gallery, for, although their subjects are diverse, the method and general treatment have many points of similarity. These are "Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael" (R.A. 1844, N.G. 536), and "Rain, Steam, and Speed—Great Western Railway" (R.A. 1844, N.G. 538). There is, of course, no such place as "Port Ruysdael"; Turner uses the name in honour of the old landscape-painter, whom he still, in the height of his own eclipsing fame, reveres and admires.

J. M. W. Turner

The painting of the sea and sky, which is really full of power, seems at first view sketchy, and the whole effect is produced by apparently careless strokes of the brush. But the brush was in the hand of a master who knew the value of every touch. The longer the picture is studied, the more vivid is the impression it gives of a stormy day on the waters. Lightly indicated as the boats are, their attitudes and movements add greatly to the reality of the scene.

"Rain, Steam, and Speed" is painted in much the same style and method. This has always been a favourite picture of Turner's admirers, and justly so. It raises to the regions of imaginative poetry an unpromising prosaic incident in this age of machinery. Few would have dared the attempt; no artist, perhaps, but Turner could have succeeded. In it may be found a further proof of his intense sympathy with all that concerned mankind, as well as of the unabated power of his imagination in his seventieth year. Nor is the picture unreal or impossible to the extent often taken for granted. Under the effect of atmosphere which he has chosen purposely, nothing would appear distinct. All the bareness of the railway and hardness of line in engine and brickwork would be disguised and softened in nature, if seen through mist and rain. The artist has shown such details in the only way in which they could be tolerated in a landscape; he has suggested their essence, but has wrapped their unattractive forms in a merciful obscurity.

Poetry v. Prose

CHAPTER XII.

SUNSET.

[1845-51: ÆTAT. LXX.-LXXVI.]

"The Fallacies of Hope"—Turner's interest in new discoveries—Mr. Mayall—Dinner at David Roberts's—The Chelsea retreat—Roberts's last look—Turner's death—Funeral at St. Paul's—Justice to his character.

AT last the great painter's powers were visibly declining. Forms became more and more blurred in his pictures, his conceptions more and more vague and indistinct; but he was great as an artist, in spite of all, up to the day of his death. No one who really loves art as art can be indifferent to any of his paintings, but will find much to move his imagination and artistic feeling in the last efforts of a genius, hitherto unlimited in its inspirations, but now struggling against the weakness of age. To linger over the pictures of this period would serve no good purpose. They are intelligible to artists, perhaps to artists only, and have still their own peculiar value as lessons in the production of certain artistic effects.

Even to the uninitiated in art there is much to be admired in the splendid colouring of such a painting as

"Queen Mab's Cave" (British Institution 1846, N.G. 548). It is a fairy representation of a fairy scene, and, if so regarded, may be valued, if not entirely comprehended, by all lovers of art.

Little has been said in these pages of the quotations given with the titles of Turner's pictures, from his MS. "Fallacies of Hope." From the first quotation given with the "Hannibal" in 1812 to the last in 1850, when each of his four paintings at the R.A. had a line or two of the MS. added to their titles, the "Fallacies of Hope" MS. is continually in evidence in the Academy catalogues. Those who are curious on the subject will find these quotations set out in the Appendix. The ideas contained in them are characteristic of the artist's tone of mind, as the language is of his difficulty of expressing those ideas in words. To a kindly, generous mind there is nothing in them to excite ridicule. They should rather be regarded as the struggles of a mighty giant in an element where his peculiar strength was of no avail. In his own element he was matchless, and it is there that he must be sought by those who would understand and profit by his poetic inspirations.

"The Fallacies of Hope"

If Turner failed in the expression of his own poetic ideas in verse, he was able, nevertheless, to appreciate the power in others, and was always a reader of the poets. His friends have related that "he was very fond of poetry," and was never without a volume of one of his favourite authors when on his travels. Shakespeare he knew best from the acting of his plays

at the theatre, where he was constantly to be found in Macready's time. In his later years he is known to have been a reader of the best books and reviews of the day. All these facts tend to prove that, however deficient he was in literary faculty, literature was no dead letter to him.

Nor was Turner insensible to the many inventions and discoveries of his time. Anything new attracted him at once, and age did not weaken the interest which his active mind took in matters outside, as well as those connected with, his art. The well-known "Daguerreotype" photographer, Mr. Mayall, furnished Mr. Thornbury with a most interesting account of the artist's visits to his studio in 1847-8-9. Mr. Mayall did not know him as Turner the artist, but gathered somehow the impression that he was a Master in Chancery.

His Interest in New Discoveries

Turner sat to him several times for his portrait, and sent him many clients. He would watch him polishing his plates, talk to him on effects of light, admire the results achieved, and make valuable suggestions. He came so often that a special chair was placed for him, and he was spoken of in the studio as "our Mr. Turner." Here he would sit for hours and watch the photographer at his work, without interrupting. In times of difficulty he would encourage Mr. Mayall to persevere, and on one occasion lent him £300 without being asked, bringing the amount with him in bank-notes.

One evening in 1849, they were both at the *soirée* of the Royal Society, and some one told Mr. Mayall that "our Mr. Turner" was *the* Turner; when he ventured to suggest to him the value of photography to an artist, and offered to conduct experiments for him. Singularly enough, Turner never visited the studio again, perhaps because he would not have felt so free now that his identity was known, but more probably because he wished to avoid talking about his art, which he always disliked doing.

Dinner at David Roberts's

The last glimpse we have of Turner, before the final breakdown of his health, is afforded by the following account of his bearing at a dinner-party given by his friend David Roberts, R.A., in 1850:—"His manner was very agreeable, his quick bright eye sparkled, and his whole countenance showed a desire to please. He was constantly making, or trying to make, jokes; his dress, though rather old-fashioned, was far from being shabby. Turner's health was proposed by an Irish gentleman who had attended his lectures on perspective, on which he complimented the artist. Turner made a short reply in a jocular way, and concluded by saying: 'I am glad the honourable gentleman has profited so much by my lectures as thoroughly to understand perspective, for it is more than I do myself.' Turner afterwards, on Roberts's being called away, took the chair, and, at Stanfield's request, proposed Roberts's health, which he did, speaking hurriedly, but soon ran short of words and breath, and dropped down

on his chair with a hearty laugh, starting up again and finishing with a 'hip, hip, hurrah.'

"Turner was the last who left, and Roberts accompanied him along the street to hail a cab. At this time Turner was indulging in the singular freak of living, under the name of Mr. Booth, in a small lodging on the banks of the Thames. This, though now cleared up, was a mystery to his friends then, and Roberts was anxious to unravel it. When the cab drove up, he assisted Turner to his seat, shut the door, and asked where he should tell cabby to take him; but Turner was not to be caught, and, with a knowing wink, replied: 'Tell him to drive to Oxford Street, and then I'll direct him where to go.'"

His Chelsea Retreat

Turner's shyness and secretiveness have already been noticed, and also his practice of keeping a second home, to which he could retire when he wished to escape from the attentions of his friends or the intrusion of strangers. With this in view, he seems to have induced Mrs. Booth, to whom Mr. Ruskin refers as "his good Margate housekeeper," to move from Margate to a little house at Chelsea, looking out on the river, with a flat roof, from which he could watch effects of sky. In this house, the address of which none of his friends, not even his old housekeeper at Queen Anne Street, knew, he passed much of the last two years of his life, and there he died.

No picture of his was sent to the R.A. in 1851, and he even ceased to attend the meetings of the

Academicians, from which he had rarely been absent for nearly fifty years. His friends at the Academy became anxious about him, and David Roberts wrote to him at Queen Anne Street to beg to be allowed to come and see him. No reply came; but about a fortnight afterwards Turner answered it in person by calling upon Roberts.

"You must not ask me," he said; "but, whenever I come to town, I shall always come to see you."

He looked broken-down and feeble.

"I tried to cheer him up," says Roberts, "but he laid his hand upon his heart and replied: 'No, no; there is something here which is all wrong.'"

Roberts's Last Look

"As he stood by the table in my painting-room," Roberts continues, "I could not help looking attentively at him, peering in his face, for the small eye was as brilliant as that of a child, and unlike the glazed and 'lack-lustre' eye of old age. This was my last look. The rest is soon told. None of his friends had seen him for months; indeed, I believe I was the last, together with my friend George Jones, who I afterwards learned had that day also called on him."

Tom Thurnall, in Kingsley's *Two Years Ago,* is directed in his search for Vavasour, *alias* John Briggs, by recalling the phrase, "The wild beast goes home to his lair to die," and by recognising that certain human beings have been affected by the same impulse. As his end drew near, the old artist hid himself from all who knew him, and, but for an accident, might have

died without a sign to any of them. Moved by the same impulse which drives the old lion on the approach of death to his lonely cave, touched by some awakening of the memories of his boyhood, he had sought the little house on the banks of the Thames at Chelsea, where he had made his first studies from nature, there to lay him down and die alone.

On the very day before his death, his old housekeeper at Queen Anne Street discovered his retreat and brought Mr. Harpur, one of the executors named in his will, to the bedside of her dying master. *Death* On the following day, December 19th, 1851, he passed away quietly, with the sun shining on his face; that sun which had been the source of his delight, wonder, and inspiration all through his long life, and which he all but worshipped.

"So died," as Mr. Monkhouse fitly remarks, "the great solitary genius, Turner, the first of all men to endeavour to paint the full power of the sun, the greatest imagination that ever sought expression in landscape, the greatest pictorial interpreter of the elemental forces of nature that ever lived. . . . The nobleness of his life consisted in his devotion to landscape-art, and this should cover many sins. He found it sunk very low; he left it raised to a height which it had never attained before."

Life, with all its interests and cares, was nothing now to him. All that had filled his thoughts so long, the neglected but priceless pictures in the Gallery now deserted, the money and property which he had called

his own, pass into the charge of others, to be dealt with, if it is allowed, according to his wishes.

Funeral at St. Paul's

But first the body of the great artist has to be laid, at his own desire, beside the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds and other distinguished painters whom he had known, under the dome of St. Paul's. His brother-Academicians, and many who revered him as England's great landscape-painter, attended to show their affection and do him honour. Others, as a token of respect, sent their private carriages to join the procession. Choristers chanted the "Dead March" in *Saul* as the coffin was borne into the Cathedral, and Dean Milman, himself a lover of art, read the service beside the grave. The labourer's task was done, and his body was left to rest in the heart of the great city in which he first saw the light, and where most of his life was spent.

Justice to his Character

An attempt has been made in these pages to do justice to Turner's character, and to correct the unfavourable view hitherto taken of it, which is founded only on hearsay evidence, such as no judge would admit for a moment in a court of law. No one would wish to represent him as a perfect being, but it is both allowable and just to show that his good qualities far outweighed his failings.

Much has been made by his biographers of his alleged intemperance. From many trustworthy stories told of him by his friends, it may safely be concluded that,

for the greater part of his life, he was singularly moderate in his use of stimulants. His hand was so firm and steady that, up to the last, he did not need or use a mahl-stick to support it whilst painting, and his work showed an extraordinary delicacy, refinement, and minuteness of touch such as none but a temperate man could attain.

It is true that, after the fashion of the times in which he lived, when dining with others he would take wine freely, though never so as to obscure his faculties; and that, at the very end of his life, he would stimulate his failing powers by taking more than was good for him.

But it is not our business—indeed we have no right—to pry into the habits and manner of life of the artist, and but for the necessity of correcting false impressions founded on mere gossip, even this brief mention of the subject would have been omitted.

CHAPTER XIII.

TURNER'S INFLUENCE ON BRITISH ART.

A founder of modern landscape-art—Characteristics of his art—An artist's notes on his methods—The painter's problem—Ruskin on Turner's methods—His use of many colours—Mystery in landscape—Why no Turnerian school?—The sky-painter—Unsafe pigments and technique.

AMONGST the great painters of whose careers this series of "Lives" treats, Turner stands out foremost as one of the "Makers of British Art." It is not too much to say that the whole art of landscape-painting, both in oil and water-colours, was transformed by this one man. Certainly to no other can be attributed such cardinal changes and notable progress in his own branch of art. To understand the extent of his influence, it is necessary to recall what landscape-painting was before his time, to follow his trials of the methods of the older painters, and to mark wherein his theory and practice, when fully matured, differ from theirs.

A Founder of Landscape Art

It will be found that Turner is undoubtedly entitled to a distinguished place among the founders of English landscape-painting in oil; that the marvellous development, in the nineteenth century, of the art of painting in water-colours is due chiefly to his leading and practice;

and that the art of engraving received a new impulse, not only from his training and supervision of engravers, but also from his own work on the plates.

Not to dwell on minor differences, the main distinctions between Turner's art and that of his forerunners were;—

(1) He was the first to make use of many tones to express gradation, where they used few; and the first, by the introduction of numerous delicate shades of colour, of every tint seen in nature, to lead the eye from the foreground, through the middle distance, to boundless space beyond. They were chiaroscurists only, delighting in strong contrasts of light and shade, careless mostly of aerial perspective and atmospheric effects, which Turner was the first to attempt to render in perfection, and over which he gained such complete mastery.

(2) He was the first, by these means, to represent infinity and space such as they had never attempted.

(3) He dared to paint the real colours of nature, whilst they were content with colours more or less conventional.

(4) He displayed a refinement, imaginative power, and sense of mystery unknown before in landscape-painting.

The following notes, supplied by one of the foremost young landscape-painters of the English School, illustrate in an instructive manner the differences noted in paragraph (1) above:—

"I think Turner is the only painter who always

succeeded—and in this he excelled every one who ever painted—in rendering the different relative tones of receding space.

"*Tone*, it may be explained, in the painter's language refers only to the relative white and black of a picture, and not to colour.

"Each tone that represented a certain distance was frankly different from the next, and yet of such a delicate deviation from it, that he was able to use a set (say a dozen or more) of tones, varying from black to white, where other painters, from confusing these tones, make use of only a few (say four). Again, in these tones were others subordinate, which represented the details. In this, again, he showed himself the master. He could suggest more detail than others would attempt, and yet the detail did not spoil the breadth and grandeur of the whole.

An Artist's Notes on Turner's Methods

"Add to this, that in his paintings are to be found the finest conception of beauty in landscape, a mastery of composition, a daring disregard of convention, and a *perfect* rendering of light and air, and you will see why no painter can ever excel, and few could ever hope to equal Turner."

It is necessary to dwell on the methods noticed in paragraph (1) above, because to them, more than to all else, is due the chief distinction between Turner's art and that of the older landscape-painters, and also because it was mainly by their means that he was able to express the infinity and space noted in paragraph (2).

Many Tones

The Painter's Problem

The one great difficulty in all painting is that the artist has no pigment to equal sunlight in brightness, or the depths of gloom in blackness. White, his highest light, is immeasurably less brilliant than sunlight, and the deepest black he can use is weakened by reflections on the surface of the canvas. Between sunlight and utter darkness in nature there are countless intermediate tones, whilst between the artist's white and black the number of possible shades must be limited. If the painter begins by allowing the same difference for different distances as he sees in nature, his limited number of tones would be exhausted by the time he reached the middle-distance, and all from there to the foreground would be simply black.

The older artists got over the difficulty by apportioning the few tones which they allowed themselves to certain conspicuous points on their canvas, disregarding the intermediate shades, and thus presented a broad imitation of the scene. But, in so doing, as Mr. Ruskin observes, "they are prodigals, and foolish prodigals in art; they lavish their whole means to get one truth, and leave themselves powerless when they should seize a thousand. . . .

"Turner starts from the beginning with a totally different principle. He boldly takes pure white for his highest light, and lampblack for his deepest shade; and between these he makes every degree of shade indicative of a separate degree of distance, giving each step of approach, not the exact difference of pitch

which it would have in nature, but a difference bearing the same proportion to that which his sum of possible shade bears to the sum of nature's shade; so that an object half-way between his horizon and his foreground will be exactly in half-tint of force, and every minute division of intermediate space will have just its proportionate share of the lesser sum, and no more. Hence, where the old masters expressed one distance, he expressed a hundred, and where they said furlongs, he says leagues."

Ruskin on Turner's Methods

To convince ourselves of the truth of paragraph (3) as to colour, it is only necessary to compare such a picture as the "Childe Harold" with one by any of the older masters. It will be seen at once that Turner employs the countless hues which nature herself unfolds to the observant eye, whilst the older men attempt to give the same result by contrasting the few colours which had, up to Turner's time, been allowed in landscape-painting. This use of many and varied tints was first made possible by Turner's introduction of numerous tones of gradation.

Turner's Use of Many Colours

But most remarkable of all was the revolution he effected in the scheme of colouring in vogue amongst the painters in water-colour. Up to his time, and also in his own drawings of the early period, broad washes, of three or four tints at most, are to be found; whereas, later, he would bring in every hue of the rainbow, every delicate refined shade of colour to be caught in the

"The 'Sun of Venice' going to Sea" (p. 140).

sunlit scenes of nature. "The art, in his hands," as has been well stated, "is like another art—a fresh discovery of his own." It may be fairly claimed that to Turner British landscape-art owes that variety and fulness of colour for which it is now distinguished.

Of the artist's refinement and imaginative power mentioned in paragraph (4) his paintings are themselves the best evidence; but the mystery, of which he was the first complete interpreter, needs further definition. Mystery in landscape is caused by objects being seen, but not clearly distinguished. They are there, and must be represented. If the painter, using his knowledge of form, makes them clearer than they would appear in nature, the illusion of distance is lost; if he carelessly blurs them, the eye is not satisfied, and the charm is destroyed. *Mystery in Landscape*

There is, besides, as Mr. Ruskin says, "a continual mystery caused throughout *all* spaces by the absolute infinity of things;" and he goes so far as to assert in large type, "we never see anything clearly;" and again, "what we call seeing a thing clearly is only seeing enough of it to *make out what it is*." How then is the painter to contrive to let us see only enough of an object to make out what it is? The art of doing this is what is meant by a painter's sense of mystery and power of rendering it—a sense and power which Turner possessed beyond all other artists.

It may be asked, How is it, if Turner's influence on the art of landscape-painting was so marked and decided, that he has founded no distinctive school of

painting? Why is there now no Turnerian School of landscape-painters? It says much for the independence of the modern English School, that, with all their genuine admiration of the great artist, they have not followed him slavishly where he has departed from the truths of nature for the sake of artistic effect. Notwithstanding all Mr. Ruskin's eloquent persuasions and assertions of the fidelity of Turner's painting, it must be owned that the fertility of his imagination has led him continually to overpass the facts of nature, and that it would be a fatal injury to art in England if his example in this direction were followed by others.

Why no Turnerian School?

English painters are too original, too conscientious ever to become mere copyists of another, however great he may be. They have learned much from Turner, much of the mysteries of that art of which he was so consummate a master, and they have yet much more to learn by studying his work. But they have avoided the mannerism which proclaims a picture, seen at a distance, to be a *Turner*—a mannerism to be regarded as a peculiarity of style personal to Turner alone, and as a sign, even in him, of weakness rather than strength.

Wonderful indeed has been the advance made in landscape-painting since his time, compared with what it was before, and it will be found that wherever an advance has been made in any direction, such as in the rendering of aerial perspective, space, or truth of colour, it has been due to the following out of the principles developed in his paintings.

The Upper Air

The Sky Painter

In nothing is Turner's influence over the modern English School more marked than in the representation of the sky and cloud-forms. The older painters, aiming principally at effects of light and shade, were content, as a rule, to bring into their sky the *cumulus*, or rain-cloud, only. Apparently the light *cirrus* of the higher regions of the sky had little attraction for them. It was reserved for Turner to become the interpreter of the whole region of the upper air, and to render the delicate forms of the *cirrus* cloud in every effect of light. To him first this was possible, owing to his use of the numerous gradations of tone alluded to above. By the limitless aerial perspective thus obtained, he extended the realms of art to the highest and farthest bounds of the sky.

Nor did he neglect the rolling *cumulus* or the grandeur of the storm-cloud. No one ever painted these so forcibly, or under so many aspects. Indeed, his chief claim to rank as one of the Makers of Art is that there is no appearance of nature which he did not attempt to represent, and especially no atmospheric effect which he has not reproduced on his canvases. But if there is one distinctive feature which characterises Turner's painting, apart from that of his predecessors, it is his rendering of the serene repose of the upper regions of the air, and the cloud-forms peculiar to those regions.

Reference must be made here to the unsafeness of Turner's technique; a shortcoming disastrous to the

permanence of his pictures, but which, if only by serving as a warning, may, in the end, prove serviceable to art. So long as he obtained the effect he sought, he was careless of the means employed. Brilliant, untested pigments, body colour, and even, it is said, washes of water-colour, were used indiscriminately. The unhappy result of such methods being, that there is scarcely one of his later pictures which retains the charm of its original colouring. Perhaps the two which have suffered least are the *"Ulysses"* and the *"Téméraire."*

Unsafe Pigments and Technique

CHAPTER XIV.

TURNER'S WILL.

"Turner's Gift"—Why the "Gift" failed—Not the fault of the lawyers—*Cy-près*—Mortmain—"Conversion"—His one object frustrated—Disregard of his wish, "Keep them together"—His oil-pictures should all be in London—Mr. Ruskin's great service.

THE main provisions of Turner's will and its codicils, apart from certain legacies, were:—

(1) That his finished pictures should go as a gift to the National Gallery, provided the Trustees of that institution should within ten years from his death construct a room or rooms to be added to the National Gallery to receive them, and that such part of the National Gallery should be called *Turner's Gallery*. In one of the codicils he speaks of his first object as being "to keep my pictures together."

(2) That the residue of his estate, after the payment of specified legacies, etc., should be applied by his Trustees to the founding of "a Charitable Institution for the Maintenance and Support of Poor and Decayed Male Artists being born in England and of English Parents only and lawful issue . . . and which Institution I desire shall be called or designated 'Turner's Gift,' and shall

"Turner's Gift"

at all times decidedly be an English institution, and the persons receiving the benefits thereof shall be English-born subjects only, and of no other nation or country whatever."

Turner, in his lifetime, had dwelt much on the "Fallacies of Hope," but they were to be illustrated still more pitifully by the failure, after his death, of the one purpose of his life. If he had been content to live penuriously, and to endure the stigma attached to the name of miser, he had always the warm feeling in his breast that he was to be the means of saving many a worn-out brother-artist from absolute want. To effect this was the sole object of his laying by every sovereign he could spare, but, alas! all to no purpose. There is, perhaps, nothing more pitiable in the history of human affairs than this frustration of the hopes of the grand old artist, the defeat of the cherished design of a generous heart.

Why the "Gift" Failed

Those who have no knowledge of law, seeing how clearly the intention is expressed in his will, are ready enough to lay the blame on the lawyers; but in reality, reluctant as we may be to confess it, it was the artist's own fault alone. Instead of employing a competent lawyer, who would have advised him in what manner his will should be drawn to ensure the carrying out of his wishes, he ventured to make his own will, with the aid of sundry lawyers' clerks, in whose writing the will and codicils are drawn up. If the Courts could legally have given effect to his intention, they would gladly have done so.

Doctrines and Statutes

There is a doctrine of English Courts, called the *Cy-près* doctrine, which is intended to meet such cases, and which has always been extended to its utmost possible limit. By it, if a person expresses a general intention with regard to his property, and also a particular mode of carrying out the same which is contrary to law, the Court will, *as far as it legally can*, give effect to his general intention, in the case of charitable bequests *as near as possible* (*cy-près*). The Courts have shown a marked tendency to stretch this doctrine as far as can in any way be allowed, but there are certain Statutes which they cannot ignore.

Amongst these are the *Statutes of Mortmain*, which prohibit *real* property (lands, houses, etc.) being bequeathed by will to a *corporation—i.e.*, a body which has a continuous existence. The original purpose of the *Statutes of Mortmain* was wise and necessary. There was a time when a great part of the land of England was in the hands of the Church, bequeathed to it by men, when at the point of death, under the influence of the priest. It was to prevent such bequests that these Statutes were passed.

The principle of the *Statutes of Mortmain* was extended to gifts to charities by the *Mortmain* or *Charitable Uses Act*, 9 George II. c. 36, which forbids, except in certain specified *Mortmain* cases, all alienation of lands for charitable purposes otherwise than by an irrevocable deed, executed in a prescribed manner, twelve months at least before the death of the donor. Every gift, therefore,

of lands for charitable uses *by will* is void (again with certain specified exceptions).

Now Turner, after providing for certain legacies, left the whole residue of his property, real and personal, to named persons in trust to devote the whole to the charitable object on which his heart was set—viz., the founding of a charitable institution for decayed artists. This was an illegal disposition, being in contravention of the provisions of the Act referred to above, and the whole bequest of necessity failed.

"Conversion"

It is true that whoever drew the Will attempted to remedy the flaw as to the realty by the insertion of a clause by which the testator directed his executors to sell all his real property and invest the proceeds in Government Stock, before applying it to the charitable purpose. For any other purpose this would, by the doctrine of Equity called *Conversion*, have converted the real estate into personalty at the testator's death, but it had always been held that, in the case of bequests for a *charity*, this doctrine (Conversion) did not apply.

Moreover, even if the realty could have been held to be converted into personalty, the whole bequest must still have failed, since, by the same Act, a bequest of personal property for charitable purposes with instructions that it should be laid out, as in this case, on buildings (and, by implication, land), was declared void.[1]

[1] The law as to Mortmain and Charitable Uses is stated above as it stood at the time when Turner's Will was disputed, but it has since been considerably modified by the Acts of 1888 and 1891.

"Rain, Steam and Speed" (p. 146).

The "Gift" Void

The will was disputed by Turner's kindred, whom he did not even know in his lifetime, and to whom he had been bound by no ties. For four years the case dragged on in the Court of Chancery, and was then compromised. No decision, therefore, was given by Vice-Chancellor Kyndersley on the points in dispute, and the arguments used in the case are not reported.

But it is evident, from the terms of the compromise, that the provisions of the *Mortmain* or *Charitable Uses Act* of George II. were adduced against the validity of the bequest to decayed artists. All other bequests of the will were sustained, but the property which Turner intended should be devoted to "Turner's Gift" went to his kindred—the realty to his heir-at-law, and the personalty to his next-of-kin. The property was valued at £140,000 when the will was proved, but a four-years' suit in Chancery must have considerably reduced this sum.

His One Object Frustrated

Thus "Turner's Gift," the generous scheme which had filled the artist's thoughts for the last twenty years of his life, came to naught, but his pious wish deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by his brother-artists to the end of time.

It is sad enough that one main object of his life should have been frustrated, but there is no possible excuse for the deliberate disregard of Turner's wishes respecting his pictures bequeathed to the nation. Under his will the nation acquired 362 oil-paintings, 135 finished water-colours, and over 20,000 studies and sketches, the present value of which in

the market cannot be less than a million pounds sterling. It is much to be regretted that the Trustees of the National Gallery do not recognise that they are morally bound to carry out to the letter Turner's expressed wishes with regard to his pictures. He states distinctly in his will that his first object was *to keep them together.*

Disregard of Turner's Wish:— "Keep Them Together"

It will hardly be credited that this wish has been so totally disregarded that it is impossible to obtain a view of any complete series of Turner's oil-paintings at the National Gallery or elsewhere. Many of the most important are almost always "on tour," on loan to galleries at Dublin, Glasgow, Dundee, Stockport, Oldham, Sheffield, etc. What would be thought of the French authorities if they allowed the magnificent collection of the Louvre to be dispersed on loan over the departments of France? What is the use to any one gallery of a stray picture of Turner's? It is imperative that they should be kept together in London, the centre of British Art, and arranged so that each series may be viewed as a whole.

Under the skilled supervision of the courteous Keeper of the National Gallery both oil-pictures and water-colours are admirably cared for and preserved, and perhaps no better plan for the exhibition of the latter, consistent with their preservation, could be devised, except that the finished drawings might, with advantage, be changed once a month instead of once in every three months. But picture-lovers have a right to demand

that the oil-paintings should be kept together in London. If room cannot be found in the National Gallery, one complete series, such as the Italian, might find a place in the Tate Gallery, which, although it is styled the "Gallery of British Art," does not contain a single example of the work of England's greatest landscape-painter.

Oil-Pictures should all be in London

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the self-sacrificing effort of one man to do justice to Turner's works. Mr. Ruskin offered to arrange all the water-colour drawings and sketches, and to form plans for their preservation. His offer was accepted, and he spent many months in carrying out the self-imposed task, not only giving his whole time, but also meeting out of his own pocket the expense of providing ingeniously-contrived cases, in which the drawings are kept. Both his arrangement of the drawings and his plans for their preservation were admirable and effective, and for his invaluable services he will always receive the grateful thanks of all who share with him his profound reverence for every touch of brush or pencil made by the master's hand—thanks which, alas! can now be paid only to his illustrious memory.

Mr. Ruskin's Great Service

Appendices.

I. Pictures referred to in the Text.

II. Pictures exhibited by Turner at the Royal Academy.

III. Titles, etc., of Pictures exhibited by Turner at the British Institution.

IV. Bibliography.

V. Portraits of Turner.

Appendix I.

Pictures referred to in the Text.

(Those in italics are briefly described. The number after the title indicates the page of the book where the reference will be found.)

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Morning among the Coniston Fells, 23	„ 1798
Dolbadern Castle, 28	„ 1799
Battle of the Nile, 32	„ 1799
Fifth Plague of Egypt, 32	„ 1800
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Calais Pier, 33	„ 1803
Holy Family, 34	„ 1803
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Sun rising in a Mist, 47, 52, 54	R.A. 1807
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Kingston Bank, 49	——
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Narcissus and Echo, 55	*B.I. 1806

* B.I. stands for "Exhibited at the British Institution."

J. M. W. Turner

The Goddess of Discord, etc., 55, 56	B.I. 1806
Jason, 55	„ 1808
Apuleia in search of Apuleius, 55	„ 1814
Apollo killing the Python, 55	R.A. 1811
Mercury and Hersé, 55	„ 1811
Chryses, 55	„ 1811
Hannibal crossing the Alps, 55, 68	„ 1812
Dido and Æneas, 55	„ 1814
The Destruction of Sodom, 59	—
The Deluge, 59	R.A. 1813
The Death of Nelson, 59	—
The Field of Waterloo, 59	R.A. 1818
The Battle of Trafalgar, 59	—
The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, etc., 78	R.A. 1816
The Decline of Carthage, 78, 108	„ 1817
Dort, or Dordrecht, 78	„ 1818
Entrance to the Meuse, 79	„ 1819
The Bay of Baiæ, 79, 80, 118	„ 1823
The Harbour of Dieppe, etc., 82	„ 1825
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The Fiery Furnace, 97	„ 1832
Cologne, etc., 104-106	„ 1826
Now for the Painter, 107	„ 1827
Mortlake Terrace, 108	„ 1827
Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, 108	„ 1828
Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, 109-111	„ 1829
View of Orvieto, 114	„ 1830
Palestrina, 115	„ 1830
Calais Sands, 115	„ 1830
Fishmarket on the Sands, 115	„ 1830
Pilate washing his Hands, 115	„ 1830
Jessica, 115	„ 1830
Regulus, 117, 136	B.I. 1837
Ancient Italy, 117, 130, 136	R.A. 1838
Modern Italy, 127, 130	„ 1838
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Appendix I.

Rome, from Mount Aventine, 118	R.A. 1836
Modern Rome, Campo Vaccino, 118	„ 1839
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Prince of Orange landing at Torbay, 121	„ 1832
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Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus, 135	„ 1839
Venice, etc; *Canaletto painting*, 138	„ 1833
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Venice: Bridge of Sighs, etc., 139	„ 1840
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Lifeboat and Manby Apparatus, etc., 140	„ 1831
St. Michael's Mount, 140	„ 1834
Line-fishing off Hastings, 140	„ 1835
Approach to Venice, etc., 140, 141	„ 1844
The "Sun of Venice" going to Sea, 140, 141	„ 1843
Venice: Morning—Returning from the Ball, 140	„ 1845
Slavers throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying, etc., 142	„ 1840
The Snow-storm, etc., 142-145	„ 1842
Peace: Burial at Sea, 145	„ 1842
Fishing-Boats bringing a Disabled Ship, etc., 145, 146	„ 1844
Rain, Steam and Speed, etc., 145, 146	„ 1844
Queen Mab's Cave, 148	B.I. 1846
Venus and Adonis, 115	R.A. 1849

II.

Pictures exhibited by Turner at the Royal Academy,

As set out in the Catalogues.

1790.

J. W. Turner, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth.

1791.

W. Turner, 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

King John's Palace, Eltham.
Sweakley, near Uxbridge, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Clarke.

1792.

W. Turner, 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Malmesbury Abbey.
The Pantheon, the Morning after the Fire.

Appendix II.

1793.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

View on the River Avon, near St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol.
Canterbury—Gate of St. Augustine's Monastery.
The Rising Squall, Hot Wells, from St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol.

1794.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Second Fall of the River Monach, Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire.
Great Malvern Abbey, Worcestershire, Porch of.
Canterbury—Christ Church Gate.
Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, Inside of.
Canterbury Cathedral, St. Anselm's Chapel, with part of St. Thomas à Becket's Crown.

1795.

W. Turner, 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Lincoln Cathedral, St. Hugh, the Burgundian's Porch at.
Marford Mill, Wrexham, Denbighshire.
Peterborough Cathedral—West Entrance.
Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, Transept of.
Shrewsbury—Welsh Bridge.
View near the Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire; with the River Ryddol.
Choir in King's College Chapel, Cambridge.
Cathedral Church at Lincoln.

1796.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Fishermen at Sea.
Salisbury Close Gate.
St. Erasmus, in Bishop Islip's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.
Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.
Llandilo Bridge and Dynevor Castle.

J. M. W. Turner

Interior of a Cottage: a study at Ely.
Chale Farm, Isle of Wight.
Llandaff Cathedral, South Wales.
Waltham Abbey, Essex, Remains of.
Ely Minster, Transept and Choir of.
Bath Abbey, West Front of.

1797.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane.

Moonlight: a study at Millbank.
Fishermen coming Ashore at Sunset, previous to a Gale.
Glamorganshire: Ewenny Priory, Transept of.
Salisbury Cathedral, Choir of.
Ely Cathedral, South Transept.
Salisbury Cathedral, North Porch of.

1798.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane.

Winesdale, Yorkshire—an Autumnal Morning.
Morning amongst the Coniston Fells, Cumberland.

> "Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
> Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold;
> In honour to the world's Great Author rise."
> —MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book V.

Dunstanburgh Castle, N.E. Coast of Northumberland—Sunrise after a squally night.

> "The precipice abrupt,
> Breaking horror on the blackened flood,
> Softens at thy return. The desert joys
> Wildly through all his melancholy bounds,
> Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
> Seen from some pointed promontory's top
> Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
> Restless, reflects a floating gleam."
> —THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

Appendix II.

Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire.
Norham Castle, on the Tweed—Summer's Morn.

"But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east; the lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumined—his near approach betoken glad."
—THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

Holy Island Cathedral, Northumberland.
Ambleside Mill, Westmoreland.
Dormitory and Transept of Fountains Abbey—Evening.

"All ether soft'ning, sober evening takes
Her wonted station on the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck—
In circle following circle, gather round,
To close the face of things."—THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

Buttermere Lake, with part of Cromack Water, Cumberland—A Shower.

"Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent . . .
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountain . . .
. . . in a yellow mist.
. . . . . .
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds."
—THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

A Study in September of the Fern House, Mr. Lock's Park, Mickleham, Surrey.

1799.

W. Turner, Hand Court, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Fishermen Becalmed previous to a Storm—Twilight.
Harlech Castle, from Trwgwyn Ferry—Summer's Evening, Twilight.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
. . . Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, unveil'd her peerless light."
—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.

J. M. W. Turner

Battle of the Nile, at ten o'clock, when the *L'Orient* blew up, from the station of the Gunboats between the Battery and Castle of Aboukir.

"Immediate in a flame
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd
From these deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Imbowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes."—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

Kilgerran Castle, on the Twyvey [Teifi]—Hazy Sunrise previous to a Sultry Day.

Sunny Morning; the Cattle by S. Gilpin, R.A.

Abergavenny Bridge, Monmouthshire—Clearing up after a Showery Day.

Salisbury Cathedral, Inside of the Chapter House of.

Salisbury Cathedral, West Front of.

Caernarvon Castle.

"Now rose
Sweet evening, solemn hour; the sun, declined,
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendour undiminished."—MALLET.

Morning—from Dr. Langhorne's "Visions of Fancy."

"Life's morning landscape gilt with Orient light,
Where Hope, and Joy, and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain.
In radiant colours youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye.
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.
Mirror of life, thy glories thus depart."

Warkworth Castle, Northumberland—Thunder-storm approaching at Sunset.

Appendix II.

"Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
The full possession of the sky . . .
. . . . . .
. . . and in yon baleful cloud
A redd'ning gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferments."—THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

1800.

W. Turner, A., 64 Harley Street.

Dolbadern Castle, North Wales.

"How awful is the silence of the waste
Where Nature lifts her mountains to the sky;
Majestic solitude, behold the tower
Where hopeless Owen, long imprisoned, pined
And wrung his hands for liberty in vain."

The Fifth Plague of Egypt.

"And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven: and the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground."—Exodus ix. 23.

View of the Gothic Abbey (Afternoon) now building at Fonthill, seat of William Beckford, Esq.

South-west View of the Gothic Abbey (Morning) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

Caernarvon Castle, North Wales.

"And now on Arvon's haughty towers
The bard the song of pity pours,
For oft on Mona's distant hills he sighs,
Where, jealous of the minstrel band,
The tyrant drenched with blood the land,
And, charmed with horror, triumph'd in their cries.
The swains of Arvon round him throng
And join the sorrows of his song."

South View of the Gothic Abbey (Evening) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

J. M. W. Turner

East View of the Gothic Abbey (Noon) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.
North-east View of the Gothic Abbey (Sunset) now building at Fonthill, the property of W. Beckford, Esq.

1801.

W. Turner, A., 75 Norton Street, Portland Road.

Dutch Boats in a Gale: Fishermen endeavouring to put their Fish on board.
The Army of the Medes destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind—Foretold by Jeremiah xxv. 32, 33.
London—Autumnal Morning.
Pembroke Castle, South Wales—Thunder-storm approaching.
St. Donats Castle, South Wales—Summer Evening.
Chapter House, Salisbury.

1802.

Joseph Mallord William Turner, R.A., 75 Norton Street, Portland Road.

Fishermen upon a Lee-shore in Squally Weather.
The Tenth Plague of Egypt.

Exodus xii. 29: "And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first born in the land. . . .
Ver. 30: "And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

Ships bearing up for Anchorage.
The Falls of the Clyde, Lanarkshire—Noon.
Kilchurn Castle, with the Ben Cruachan Mountains, Scotland—Noon.
Edinburgh: New Town, Castle, etc., from the Water of Leith.
Jason.
Ben Lomond Mountain, Scotland—the Traveller.—*Vide* Ossian's *War of Caros.*

Appendix II.

1803.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 75 Norton Street, Portland Road.

Bonneville, Savoy, with Mont Blanc.
The Festival upon the opening of the Vintage of Macon.
Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea, an English Packet arriving.
Holy Family.
Château de St. Michael, Bonneville, Savoy.
St. Hughes denouncing Vengeance on the Shepherd of Cormayeur, in the Valley of Aosta.
Glacier and Source of the Arveron going up to the Mer de Glâce, in the valley of Chamouni.

1804.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 64 Harley Street.

Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men-of-War, 1665.
Narcissus and Echo.

> "So melts the youth, and languishes away,
> His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
> And none of those attractive charms remain,
> To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
> She saw him in his present misery,
> Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she grieved to see:
> She answered sadly to the lover's moan,
> Sighed back his sighs, and groaned to every groan;
> 'Ah! youth beloved in vain!' Narcissus cries:
> 'Ah! youth beloved in vain!' the nymph replies.
> 'Farewell!' says he. The parting sound scarce fell
> From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell!'"

Edinburgh, from Calton Hill.

1806.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 64 Harley Street.

Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.
Pembroke Castle—Clearing up of a Thunder-storm.

J. M. W. Turner

1807.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 64 Harley Street.

A Country Blacksmith disputing upon the price of Iron, and the price charged to the Butcher for shoeing his pony.
Sun rising through Vapour—Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish.

1808.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64 Harley Street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

The Unpaid Bill, or the Dentist reproving his Son's prodigality.

1809.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64 Harley Street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Spithead: Boat's Crew recovering an Anchor.
Tabley, Cheshire, the seat of Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart.—Windy Day.
Tabley, the seat of Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart.—Calm Morning.
The Garreteer's Petition.

> "Aid me, ye powers! oh, bid my thoughts to roll
> In quick succession, animate my soul;
> Descend, my Muse, and every thought refine,
> And finish well my long, my *long-sought* line."

1810.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64 Harley Street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale: North-west view from Ullswater Lake—Evening.
Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale (the north front), with the river Lowther—Midday.
Petworth, Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Egremont—Dewy Morning.

Appendix II.

1811.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.

Mercury and Hersé.

"Close by the sacred walls in wide Munichia's plain,
The God well pleased beheld the virgin train!"
—OVID'S *Metamorphoses.*

Apollo and Python.

"Envenom'd by thy darts, the monster coiled,
Portentous, horrible, and vast his snake-like form;
Rent the huge portal of the rocky den,
And in the throes of death he tore
His many wounds in one, while earth,
Absorbing, blacken'd with his gore."
—*Hymn of Callimachus.*

Somer Hill, near Tunbridge, the seat of W. F. Woodgate, Esq.
Whalley Bridge, and Abbey, Lancashire—Dyers washing and drying Cloth.
Windsor Park, with horses by the late Sawry Gilpin, Esq., R.A.
November: Flounder-fishing.
Chryses.

"The trembling priest along the shore returned,
And in the anguish of a father mourned;
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wandered by the sounding main,
Till safe at distance to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays."
—POPE'S *Homer's Iliad,* Book I.

May: Chickens.
Scarborough, Town and Castle—Morning: Boys collecting Crabs.

1812.

J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

View of the Castle of St. Michael, near Bonneville, Savoy.
View of the High Street, Oxford.

J. M. W. Turner

Oxford, a View of, from the Abingdon Road.
Snow-storm: Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps.

"Craft, treachery, and fraud—Salassian force,
Hung on the fainting rear! Then Plunder seized
The victor and the captive—Saguntum's spoil—
Alike became their prey. Still the chief advanced,
Looked on the sun with hope; low, broad and wan.
While the fierce archer of the downward year
Stains Italy's blanch'd barrier with storms;
In vain each pass, ensanguined deep with dead,
Or rocky fragments wide destruction rolled;
Still on Campania's fertile plains he thought,
But the loud breeze sobbed, Capua's joys beware."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

1813.

J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Frosty Morning.

"The rigid hoar frost melts before his beam."
—THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

The Deluge.

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings,
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven . . .
. . . The thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood, down rushed the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen." —MILTON'S *Paradise Lost.*

1814.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West, and at Solus Lodge, Twickenham.

Dido and Æneas.

"When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The Queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian Court
Shall to the shady woods for sylvan games resort."
—DRYDEN'S *Æneis*, Book IV.

Appendix II.

1815.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats trawling.
Crossing the Brook.
Dido building Carthage; or, the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.
The Battle of Fort Rock, Val d'Aosta, Piedmont, 1796.

> "The snow-capt mountain and huge towers of ice
> Thrust forth their dreary barriers in vain;
> Onward the van progressive forced its way,
> Propelled, as the wild Reuss, by native glaciers fed,
> Rolls on impetuous, with ev'ry check gains force
> By the constraint upraised; till, to its gathering powers
> All yielding, down the pass wide Devastation pours
> Her own destructive course. Thus rapine stalked
> Triumphant; and plundering hordes exulting strew'd,
> Fair Italy, thy plains with woe."
>
> —MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

The Eruption of the Soufrière Mountain in the Island of St. Vincent, at midnight, on the 30th of April, 1812; from a sketch taken at the time by Hugh P. Keane, Esq.

> "Then in stupendous horror grew
> The red volcano to the view,
> And shook in thunders of its own,
> While the blaz'd hill in lightnings shone,
> Scatt'ring thin arrows round.
> As down its sides of liquid flame
> The devastating cataract came,
> With melting rocks and crackling woods
> And mingled roar of boiling floods,
> And rolled along the ground!"

The Passage of Mount St. Gothard, taken from the centre of the Teufels-Brück (Devil's Bridge), Switzerland.
The Great Fall of the Reichenbach, in the valley of Basle, Switzerland.

J. M. W. Turner

Lake of Lucerne, from the landing-place at Flüelen, looking towards Bauen and Tell's Chapel, Switzerland.

1816.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius restored.

> "'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the sun,
> Rising above Ægina, poured his light
> Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
> Entering its depth, illumed the branching pines,
> Brightened their bark, tinged with a ruddier hue
> Its rusty stains, and cast along the ground
> Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
> Like pillars of the temple."

View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek National Dance of the Romaika; the Acropolis of Athens in the distance. Painted from a sketch taken by H. Gally Knight, Esq., in 1810.

1817.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire.—Rome, being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war, or ruin her by compliance. The enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children.

> "At Hope's delusive smile
> The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride
> Were to the insidious conqueror's grasp resigned;
> While o'er the western wave th' ensanguined sun
> In gathering haze a stormy signal spread
> And set portentous."

Appendix II.

1818.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

Raby Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington.
Dort, or Dordrecht—the Dort Packet-boat from Rotterdam, becalmed.
The Field of Waterloo.

> "Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
> Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
> The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
> The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day,
> Battle's magnificently stern array!
> The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
> The earth is covered thick with other clay
> Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent."

Landscape—Composition of Tivoli.

1819.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

Entrance of the Meuse—Orange Merchantman on the Bar going to pieces; Brill Church bearing S.E. by S., Marensluys E. by S.
England—Richmond Hill, on the Prince Regent's birthday.

> "Which way, Armanda, shall we bend our course?
> The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
> All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
> Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
> Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
> Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
> While radiant summer opens all its pride,
> Thy hill, delightful Sheen?"—THOMSON.

J. M. W. Turner

1820.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West.

Rome from the Vatican—Raffaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his pictures for the decoration of the Loggia.

1822.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, and Queen Anne Street West.

What you will!

1823.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.

The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl.

"Waft me to sunny Baiæ's shore."

1825.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.

Harbour of Dieppe (Changement de Domicile).

1826.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.

Cologne: the Arrival of a Packet-boat—Evening.
Forum Romanum; for Mr. Soane's Museum.
The seat of William Moffatt, Esq., Mortlake—Early (summer) morning.

Appendix II.

1827.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

"Now for the Painter" (rope)—Passengers going on board.
Port Ruysdael.
Rembrandt's Daughter.
Mortlake Terrace, seat of William Moffatt, Esq.—Summer's evening.
Scene in Derbyshire.

"When first the sun with beacon red."

1828.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; or, the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.
East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.—The Regatta beating to windward.
East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.—The Regatta starting from their moorings.
Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Birdcage.

1829.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

The Banks of the Loire.
Ulysses deriding Polyphemus: Homer's *Odyssey*.
The Loretto Necklace.
Messieurs les Voyageurs on their return from Italy (par la Diligence) in a Snow-drift upon Mount Tarra, 22nd of January, 1829.

J. M. W. Turner

1830.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Pilate washing his Hands.

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."—St. Matthew xxvii. 24.

View of Orvieto; painted in Rome.
Palestrina: composition.

"Or from yon mural rock, high-crown'd Praeneste,
Where, misdeeming of his strength, the Carthaginian stood,
And marked with eagle eye Rome as his victim."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

Jessica.

"*Shylock.* Jessica, shut the window I say."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

Calais Sands, low water—Poissards collecting Bait.
Fish-Market on the Sands—the Sun rising through a Vapour.
Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence: a sketch from memory.

1831.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Life-boat and Manby Apparatus going off to a Stranded Vessel making Signals (blue lights) of Distress.
Caligula's Palace and Bridge.

"What now remains of all the mighty bridge
Which made the Lucrine Lake an inner pool,
Caligula, but massive fragments, left
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
How Baiæ's shore was loved in times gone by?"
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

Appendix II.

Vision of Medea.

> " Or Medea, who in the full tide of witchery
> Had lured the dragon, gained her Jason's love,
> Had filled the spell-bound bowl with Æson's life,
> Yet dashed it to the ground, and raised the poisonous snake
> High in the jaundiced sky to writhe its murderous coil,
> Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew,
> And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw."
>
> —MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy's visit to their Father, Lord Percy, when under Attainder upon the supposition of his being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot.

Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the entrance of the Texel, 1645.

Watteau Study by Fresnoy's Rules.

> " White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear,
> May bear an object back, or bring it near."
>
> —FRESNOY'S *Art of Painting*, p. 496.

" In this arduous service (of reconnaissance) on the French coast, 1805, one of our cruisers took the ground, and had to sustain the attack of the flying artillery along shore, the batteries and the fort of Vinieux, which fired heated shot, until she could warp off at the rising tide, which set in with all the appearance of a stormy night."—*Naval Anecdotes.*

1832.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage—Italy.

> " And now, fair Italy!
> Thou art the garden of the world.
> Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
> Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility:
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
>
> —LORD BYRON, Canto IV.

J. M. W. Turner

"The Prince of Orange, William III., embarked from Holland and landed at Torbay, November 4th, 1688, after a stormy passage."—*History of England.* "The yacht in which His Majesty sailed was, after many changes and services, finally wrecked on Hamburg sands, while employed in the Hull trade."

Van Tromp's Shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt.
Helvoetsluys: the *City of Utrecht*, 64, going to Sea.

"Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire."—Daniel iii. 26.

Staffa, Fingal's Cave.

"Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws."
—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Lord of the Isles*, Canto IV.

1833.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Rotterdam Ferryboat.
Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, and Custom House, Venice—Canaletto painting.
Van Goyen looking out for a Subject.
Van Tromp returning after the Battle off the Dogger Bank.
Ducal Palace, Venice.
Mouth of the Seine, Quillebeuf.

This estuary is so dangerous from its quicksands, that any vessel taking the ground is liable to be stranded and overwhelmed by the rising tide, which rushes in in one wave.

Appendix II.

1834.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

The Fountain of Indolence.
The Golden Bough (MS., *Fallacies of Hope*).
Venice.
Wreckers—Coast of Northumberland, with a Steamboat assisting a Ship off shore.
St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

1835.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night.
The Broad Stone of Honour (Ehrenbreitstein) and Tomb of Marceau; from Byron's *Childe Harold.*

> "By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
> There is a small and simple pyramid
> Crowning the summit of the verdant mound.
> Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid,
> Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
> Honour to Marceau . . .
> . . . He was Freedom's champion!
> Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall,
> Yet shows of what she was."

Venice, from the Porch of Madonna della Salute.
Line-fishing, off Hastings.
The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16th, 1834.

1836.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Juliet and her Nurse.
Rome, from Mount Aventine.
Mercury and Argus.

J. M. W. Turner

1837.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Scene—A Street in Venice.

> "*Antonio.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.
> *Shylock.* I'll have my bond."
> —*Merchant of Venice*, Act iii., Sc. 3.

Story of Apollo and Daphne.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

> "Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
> But ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart.
> . . . . . .
> As when th' impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
> Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
> She in her speed does all her safety lay;
> And he with double speed pursues the prey."

The Parting of Hero and Leander.—From the Greek of Musæus.

> "The morning came too soon, with crimson'd blush,
> Chiding the tardy night and Cynthia's warning beam;
> But Love yet lingered on the terraced steep,
> Upheld young Hymen's torch and failing lamp,
> The token of departure, never to return.
> Wild dashed the Hellespont its straitened surge,
> And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall."

Snow-storm, Avalanche, and Inundation—A Scene in the upper part of Val d'Aosta, Piedmont.

1838.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Queen Anne Street West.

Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus—Demosthenes taunted by Æschines.

Appendix II.

Modern Italy—the Pifferari.
Ancient Italy—Ovid banished from Rome.

1839.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

The Fighting *Téméraire* tugged to her last Berth to be broken up, 1838.

> "The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
> No longer owns her."

Ancient Rome—Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus. The Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Cæsars restored.

> "The clear stream,
> Ay, the yellow Tiber glimmers to her beam,
> Even while the sun is setting."

Modern Rome—Campo Vaccino.

> "The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
> The sun as yet disputes the day with her."
> —LORD BYRON.

Pluto carrying off Proserpine.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Cicero at his Villa.

1840.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Bacchus and Ariadne.
Venice: the Bridge of Sighs.

> "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand."
> —BYRON: *Childe Harold*, IV. i.

Venice, from the Canale della Giudecca, Chiesa di S. Maria della Salute, etc.

J. M. W. Turner

Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhoon coming on.

> "Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay;
> Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
> Declare the Typhoon's coming.
> Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
> The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
> Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
> Where is thy market now?"
>
> —MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

The New Moon; or, "I've lost my Boat, you shan't have your Hoop."

Rockets and Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn Steamboats off Shoal-water.

Neapolitan Fisher-girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight.

1841.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Ducal Palace, Dogana, with part of San Giorgio, Venice.

Giudecca, la Donna della Salute, and San Giorgio.

Rosenau, seat of H.R.H. Prince Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany.

Depositing of John Bellini's Three Pictures in La Chiesa Redentore, Venice.

Dawn of Christianity (Flight into Egypt).

> "That star has risen."—Rev. T. GISBORNE'S *Walks in a Forest.*

Glaucus and Scylla.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

1842.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

The Dogana, San Giorgio, Citella, from the steps of the Europa.

Campo Santo, Venice.

Appendix II.

Snow-storm: Steamboat off a harbour's mouth making signals in shallow water, and going by the lead. The author was in that storm on the night the *Ariel* left Harwich.
Peace—Burial at Sea.

"The midnight torch gleamed o'er the steamer's side,
And Merit's corse was yielded to the tide."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

War. The Exile and the Rock Limpet.

"Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
A soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea of blood . . .
. . . But can you join your comrades?"
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

1843.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

The Opening of the Walhalla, 1842.

"L'Honneur au Roi de Baviere."

"Who rode on thy relentless car, fallacious Hope?
He, though scathed at Ratisbon, poured on
The tide of war o'er all thy plain Bavare,
Like the swollen Danube to the gates of Wien;
But peace returns—the morning ray
Beams on the Walhalla, reared to science and the arts,
And men renowned, of German Fatherland."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

The *Sun of Venice* going to Sea.

"Fair shines the morn, and soft the zephyrs blow a gale,
Venezia's fisher spreads his painted sail so gay,
Nor heeds the demon that in grim repose
Expects his evening prey."

J. M. W. Turner

Dogana, and Madonna della Salute, Venice.
Shade and Darkness.—The Evening of the Deluge.

"The moon puts forth her sign of woe unheeded;
But disobedience slept; the darkening Deluge closed around,
And the last token came; the giant framework floated,
The roused birds forsook their nightly shelter screaming,
And the beasts waded to the Ark."

—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

Light and Colour—(Goethe's theory)—The Morning after the Deluge—Moses writing the Book of Genesis.

"The Ark stood firm on Ararat; th' returning sun,
Exhaled earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise
Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly
Which rises, flits, expands and dies."

—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

St. Benedetto, looking towards Fusina.

1844.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Ostend.
Fishing-boats bringing a disabled ship into Port Ruysdael.
Rain, Steam and Speed—the Great Western Railway.
Van Tromp, going about to please his masters, ships a sea, getting a good wetting.

—Vide *Lives of Dutch Painters.*

Venice—Maria della Salute.
Approach to Venice.

"The path lies o'er the sea, invisible;
And from the land we went
As to a floating city, steering in
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently."—ROGERS'S *Italy.*

Appendix II.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
The sun as yet disputes the day with her."—BYRON.

Venice Quay—Ducal Palace.

1845.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Whalers.—*Vide* Beale's *Voyage*, p. 163.
Whalers.—*Vide* Beale's *Voyage*, p. 175.
Venice—Evening: Going to the Ball.—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*
Morning: Returning from the Ball (St. Martino).—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*
Venice—Noon.—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*
Venice—Sunset: a Fisher.—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

1846.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Returning from the Ball (St. Martha).
Going to the Ball (San Martino).
"Hurrah for the Whaler *Erebus!* another fish!"—Beale's *Voyage.*
Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello: Fishermen of Naples.
The Angel standing in the Sun.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God;
"That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great."—Revelation xix. 17, 18.

"The march of arms which, glittering in the sun,
The feast of vultures ere the day was done."—ROGERS.

Whalers (boiling blubber) entangled in floe-ice, endeavouring to extricate themselves.

J. M. W. Turner

1847.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

The Hero of a Hundred Fights.

An idea suggested by the German invocation upon casting the bell, in England called tapping the furnace.—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

1849.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

The Wreck-Buoy.

Venus and Adonis.

1850.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street West.

Mercury sent to admonish Æneas.

"Beneath the morning mist,
Mercury waited to tell him of his neglected fleet."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

Æneas relating his Story to Dido.

"Fallacious Hope beneath the moon's pale crescent shone;
Dido listened to Troy being lost and won."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

The Visit to the Tomb.

"The sun went down in wrath at such deceit."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

The Departure of the Fleet.

"The orient moon shone on the departing fleet,
Nemesis invoked, the priest held the poisoned cup."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

III.

Titles, etc., of Pictures exhibited by Turner at the British Institution.

1806.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 64 Harley Street.

Narcissus and Echo.—From Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*
The Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides.

1808.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and Harley Street.

The Battle of Trafalgar, as seen from the mizzen starboard shrouds of the *Victory.*
Jason.—From Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

1809.

Sun rising through Vapour, with Fishermen landing and cleaning their Fish.

J. M. W. Turner

1814.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

Apuleia in search of Apuleius.—*Vide* Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

1817.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square.

View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek National Dance of the Romaika; the Acropolis of Athens in the distance.—Painted from a sketch taken by H. Gally Knight, Esq., in 1810.

1835.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Queen Anne Street.

The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16th, 1834.

1836.

Wreckers on the North Shore.
Fire of the House of Lords.

1837.

Regulus.

1838.

Fishing-boats, with Hucksters bargaining for Fish.

Appendix III.

1839.

Fountain of Fallacy.

" Its rainbow dew diffused fell on each anxious lip,
Working wild fantasy, imagining:
First, Science, in the immeasurable
Abyss of thought,
Measured her orbit slumbering."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

1840.

Mercury and Argus.

1841.

Snow-storm, Avalanche, and Inundation in the Alps.
Blue Lights (close at hand), to warn Steamboats off Shoal Water.

1846.

Queen Mab's Cave.

" Frisk it, frisk it by the moonlight beam."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

" Thy orgies, Mab, are manifold."
—MS., *Fallacies of Hope.*

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Appendix IV.

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J. M. W. Turner

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V.

Portraits of Turner.

TURNER, as has been stated in the text, painted two portraits of himself—one in 1790 (or 1791), which became the property of Mr. Ruskin; the other about the year 1792, which is now in the National Gallery. He himself asserted that he sat for his portrait once only, and that once to George Dance, from whose painting—dated about 1800, when Turner was five-and-twenty years old—the frontispiece of this book is taken. Many were the attempts of his friends to obtain by stealth sketches, from which they might paint a likeness of him at the height of his fame. One of them, Charles Turner, A.R.A., at length succeeded, and his painting is now in the National Portrait Gallery. Turner's fellow-Academicians are said to have pronounced it an excellent likeness, but the face is stiff and vacant-looking—a poor bit of painting, which reveals nothing of the man.

Landseer, one varnishing day, made a sketch of him in oils, which he gave to a friend before it was dry. The friend put it in his hat, and, taking it out on reaching home, found it was smudged beyond repair.

John Linnell, also, contrived to secure a portrait of Turner from memory by studying his face whilst sitting opposite to him at dinner-parties. It was considered a good representation of the artist at the age of sixty-two, and is now in private hands unknown.

Again, John Gilbert made a rough but extremely characteristic sketch of him on a varnishing day in 1841, which appeared in an early number of John Cassell's *Treasury of Art*, and afterwards formed the frontispiece to Mr. Cosmo

Monkhouse's *Life of Turner*. This sketch is probably the best representation of the great landscape-painter as he appeared in his later years, and it gives a clear and pleasing impression of his keen yet kindly face, as well as of his natural attitude and quaint dress.

Count D'Orsay was the author of another sketch-portrait in 1851, the last year of the artist's life. Like everything that D'Orsay did or said, the sketch is fantastic in its exaggerations, and must be regarded rather as a caricature than a likeness.

Mr. Mayall relates that he took several daguerreotype portraits of Turner between 1842 and 1844, but unfortunately he does not say what became of them. Any one of these, showing clearly what the great artist was like between the ages of sixty and seventy, would be intensely interesting, if only it could be brought to light.

Mr. Trimmer supplies in words a fuller representation of Turner in later life than art has given us:—

"Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine, but they were heavy rather than animated. He had a pleasing but melancholy expression. His conversation was always sensible, and, in all matters connected with his profession, invaluable. He dressed in black, with short black gaiters, and, though neat, was not smart. He was refined in his habits and sensitive in his feelings; he was an excessively kind-hearted person, and fond of children. His domestic life was founded on the models of the Old Masters; his conversation was most correct, and no one more upheld the decencies of society."

Of the numerous sketches, one more must be mentioned, namely, that by Maclise, from which the die of the *Turner Medal* of the Royal Academy was taken. It may be seen in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. Though drawn from memory, it is a powerful piece of work, and evidently contains much that is like of the features and character of the grand old painter.

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